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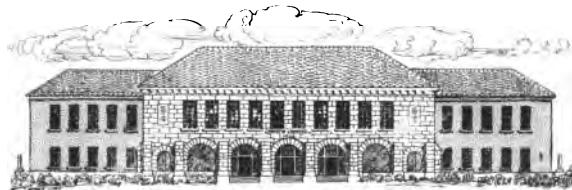


BOOK V

PART ONE

SARAH E. SPRAGUE

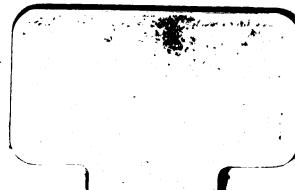
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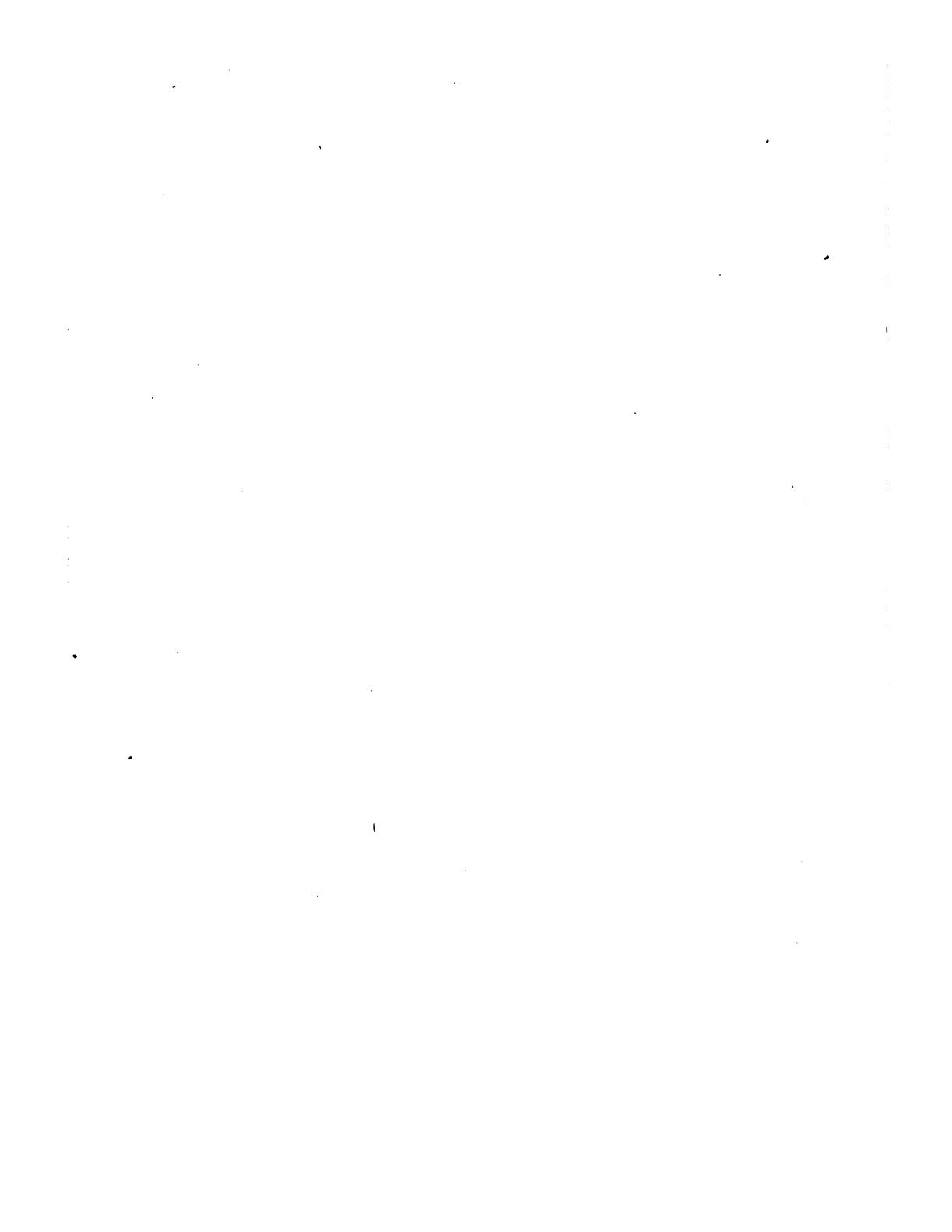
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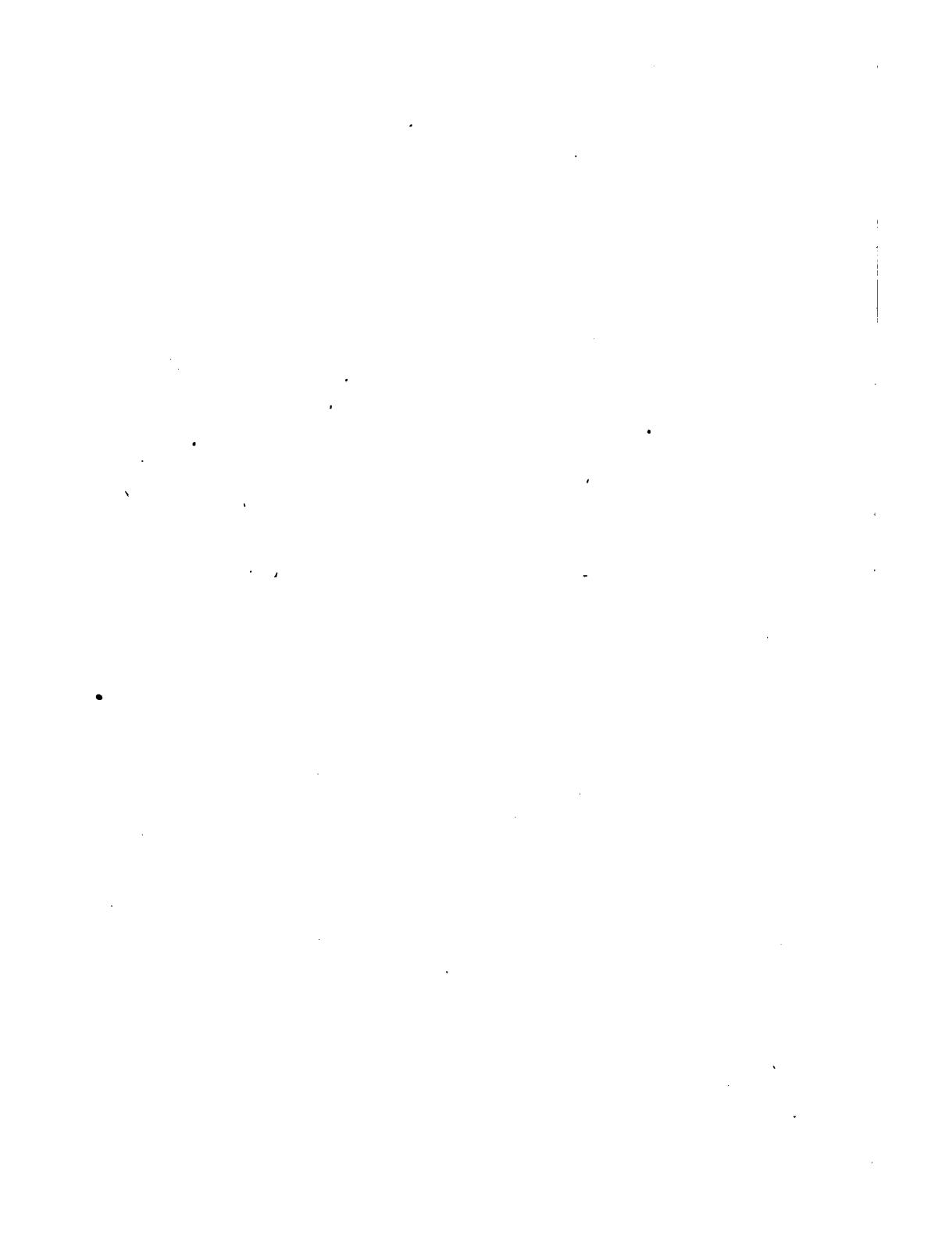
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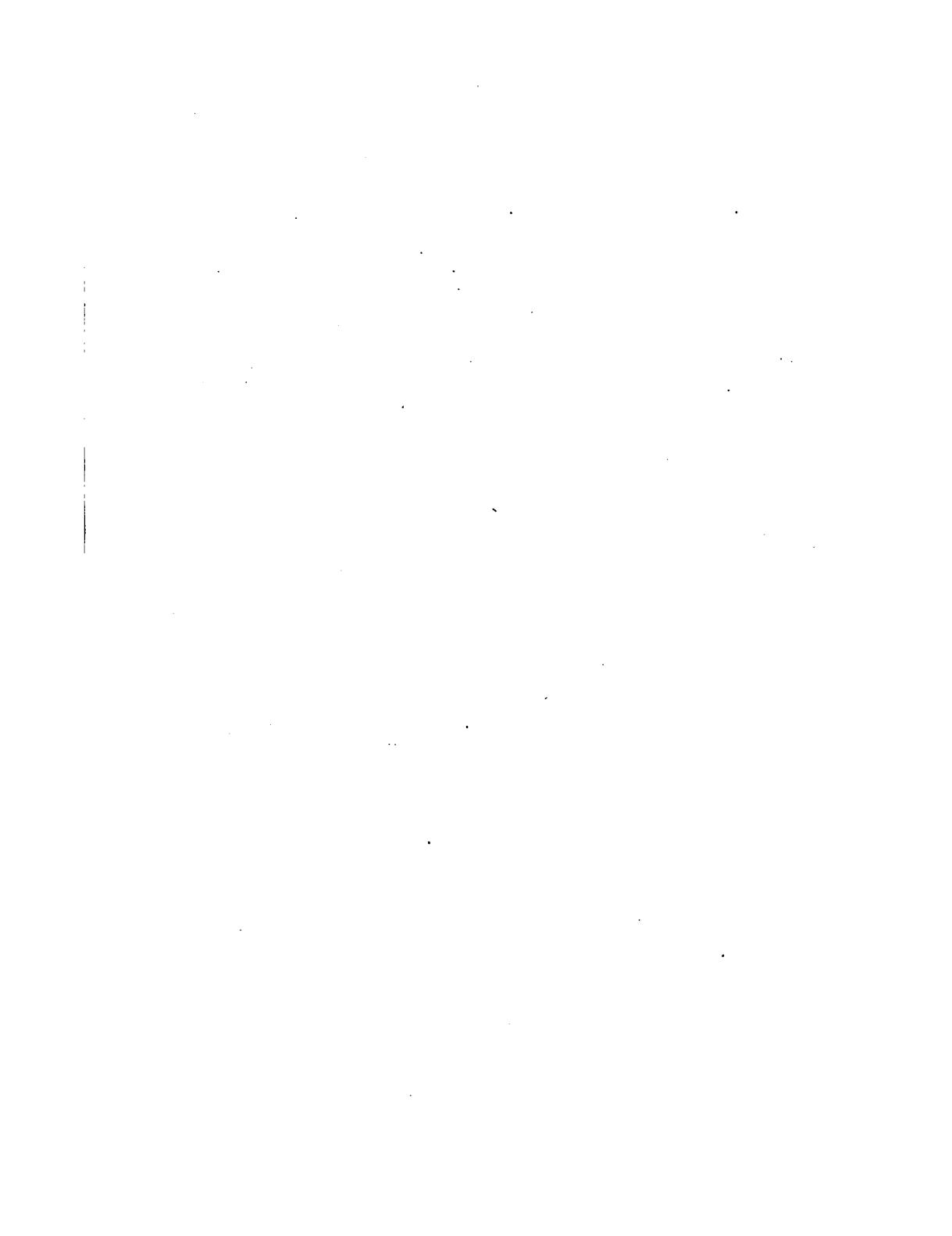
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ORESTES AND PYLADES BEFORE IPHEGENIA.

Benjamin West.

The
Sprague Classic Readers

BOOK FIVE

PART ONE

BY
SARAH E. SPRAGUE, Ph. D.

When I speak to the young—oh! then it
seems to me God listens.

— Irving Bacheller.

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EDITORIAL NOTE.

Valuable assistance will be found in the "Foreword," "Preface," and "Biographical Notes," of this volume. It is earnestly suggested, therefore, that both teachers and pupils carefully read these portions.

S. E. S.

FOREWORD.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. . . . Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.

Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play — and heard others praise, and that highly — not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christians, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

—*Shakespeare.*

From "Hamlet."

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PREFACE.

PURPOSE. *Culture* is the underlying purpose of this volume, as of all the preceding ones of the series; the culture that makes children happier; that develops these men and women of the future into broad-minded, useful, unselfish, honorable, and truly patriotic citizens—the end and aim for which the schools of the Republic were created and for which they are maintained.

SCOPE. The mental horizon is greatly widened, but the editor has sought to keep the great truths and lessons of life before the children in the most alluring form. Hence, the practical wisdom of the fable frequently occurs; truth, courage, loyalty, endurance, and other virtues and graces of character are presented in the semi-concrete form of the story, historic anecdote, classic legend, or in the biography of some prominent author, artist, or musician. Interesting narratives and descriptions keep awake the love of nature, and poems, both grave and gay, add variety and charm. Every selection used herein has been subjected to these four tests:

1. Has it genuine literary value?
2. Has it sufficient life and action to hold the interest of the pupils?
3. Has it ethical value in character building?
4. Will it help to make pupils *good readers and lovers of good literature?*

GRADING. This volume (Part One of Book Five) joins closely the last part of the preceding one, and in vocabulary and thought-content goes smoothly forward to join the really difficult matter found in Part Two. New difficulties of thought and style are presented with care and are easily conquered as they occur, without any mental strain or loss of interest.

METHODS. “Side-lights” should be thrown upon new lessons by means of maps and histories, pictures, anecdotes, etc., as before suggested. For the rest, it would be difficult to find a more practical and comprehensive system of methods to follow in reading aloud than is given in Hamlet’s instruction to the players, used as the Foreword of this volume; hence, we would urge each teacher and pupil to read and re-read this masterpiece until the code becomes his own constant guide.

CRITICISM. Opinions differ so widely among educators as to the *when, how, and how much* of criticism, that the writer makes no attempt to dictate upon this point, *insisting only that all criticism should be perfectly fair, and always given in a kindly spirit and a courteous manner.* It seems wisest that each individual be trained to be his own most faithful and exacting critic.

A STANDARD OF GOOD READING. To be a good reader, one must give a correct and sympathetic interpretation of the thought and emotion contained in his selection, and do it in such a manner as to afford a distinct pleasure to his audience. Pronouncing all the words correctly and distinctly is an essential factor of good reading, although but one of many. The reader must have a good knowledge of tone values and be able to control the vocal organs and the breath; he must, also, be able to merge his own identity in that of the author, *forgetting everything except how to give the author's sentiments in the truest and most natural way.* These points should be watched over more strongly than ever now, the pupil having reached "the awkward age"—or the beginning of it—when childhood approaches adolescence and self-consciousness is apt to become painful. At this period of rapid growth, too, the pupil's reading is often marred by careless pronunciation, indistinct articulation, excessive timidity, and kindred evils, the best cure for which is *to intensify the interest until self is entirely forgotten;* that secured, the reading will again be intelligent and pleasing. The teacher needs to be able to discover the cause of the trouble, and wise enough to eliminate it without emphasizing the fact that the fault exists.

READING AS AN ART. Following the plan of these readers, the child first learns the written forms of words and phrases, largely from imitation, repetition and practice, as he learned to speak words when beginning to talk. A little later, he learns the use of diacritical marks as aids to the pronunciation of new words; and, again later, he learns to use the dictionary and to rely upon it for the pronunciation, syllabication, and meaning of words. Thus, he is now able to work independently to a large degree, getting and expressing the thought in difficult selections without much trouble. However, he has not wholly passed the stage of *learning to read*, although this is now happily blended in the more

attractive *reading to learn*. He has acquired a fairly good command of the *art* of reading from continued practice, with his attention constantly focussed upon the sentiment to be expressed. He has been, hitherto, chiefly occupied with the *how* of good reading, the *why* having been, almost wholly, a matter of inference rather than of direct teaching. His literary taste, also, has been a matter of assimilation rather than of spoken guidance. Whatever selective judgment he has gained has come through having correct and pleasing styles of English composition constantly before him.

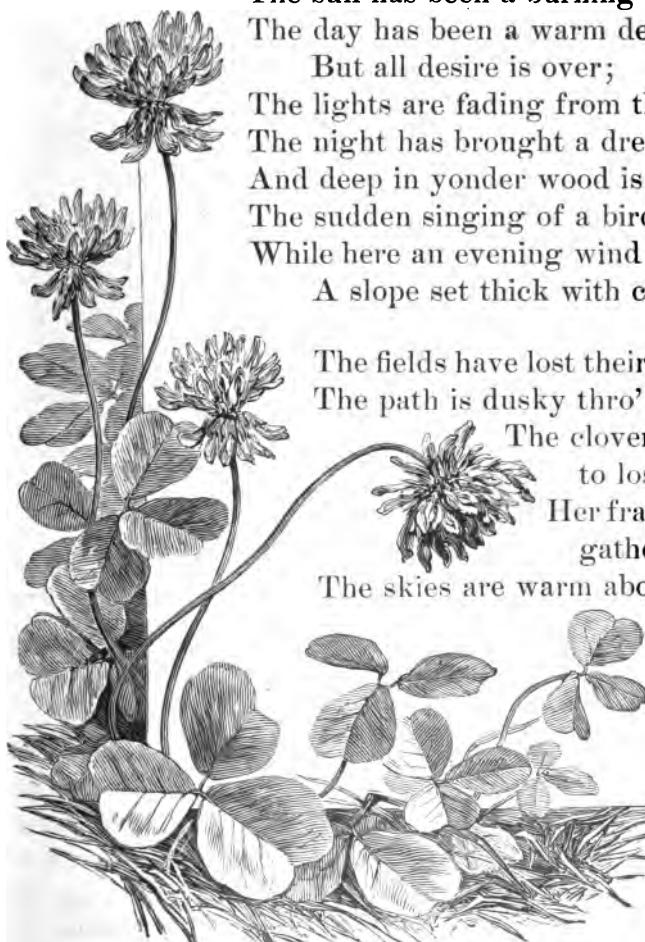
READING AS A SCIENCE. To enable a pupil to do all his reading independently, he needs to learn the principles that underlie both the interpretation and expression of thought and emotion: to know that mental attitudes govern the choice of words on the one hand; and that *perfect understanding of the thought and sympathy with the emotion* are necessary to the correct and pleasing interpretation of the same. He needs, also, an accurate knowledge of accent, emphasis, inflections, tone values, pitch, rate of movement, and even of gesture, so far as position of the body and facial expression are involved; and to know *when and how* such knowledge may be applied with the best effect. There should now, in an elementary way, be the direct study of literary values. For example, the pupil should be taught to notice how authors express different thoughts, emotions, and conditions, by means of different styles of composition and by a discriminating use of words: that these various styles of writing require vocal expression in keeping therewith: that modifying phrases and clauses are used by the author to bring out delicate shadings in thought-values; and that these must be expressed by a correspondingly delicate use of emphasis, inflections, tone values, and gestures born of spontaneity. He must, also, now have a more careful training in literary analysis that he may be able to deal with a more complex construction than heretofore has been attempted, and find the beautiful, ennobling sentiments contained in the one, or the mirth-provoking humor of the other, as the case may be. Thus, may the teacher create in the pupil a *hunger for reading*; thus, beget a steady enthusiasm for mental work; thus, strengthen his power to think and to reason; thus, inculcate noble ideals to be his incentive and his protection all through life.

Do you know what fairy palaces
you may build of good thoughts?

— *John Ruskin.*

WHITE CLOVER.

The distant hills, the long day thro',
 Have fainted in a haze of blue,
 The sun has been a burning fire,
 The day has been a warm desire —
 But all desire is over;
 The lights are fading from the west,
 The night has brought a dreamy rest,
 And deep in yonder wood is heard
 The sudden singing of a bird —
 While here an evening wind has stirred
 A slope set thick with clover.



The fields have lost their lingering light
 The path is dusky thro' the night —
 The clover is too sweet
 to lose
 Her fragrance with the
 gathering dews —
 The skies are warm above her;
 The cricket
 pipes his
 song again,
 The cows are
 waiting
 in the lane,
 The shadows
 fall adown
 the hill,

And silent is the whippoorwill;
 But thro' the summer twilight still
 You smell the milk-white clover.

The glory of the day has ceased,
 The moon has risen in the east,
 The distant hills, the meadows near,
 Are bathed in moonlight soft and clear,
 That veils the landscape over;
 And born of rare and strange perfume,
 Pure as the clover's odorous bloom,
 Dear hopes, that are but half confessed,
 Dim thoughts and longings fill the breast,
 Till lost again in deeper rest
 Among the blossomed clover.

— *Dora Read Goodale.*

THE BOASTFUL RUSHLIGHT.

An insignificant rushlight fell in love with its own
 brilliancy and proudly boasted that its light was stronger
 and brighter than that of the sun, the moon, and the stars.

Hardly had it ceased speaking, when a slight puff of
 wind blew out the light.

“How, now?” said the owner, as he re-lighted it.
 “Cease your idle boasting, and be content to shine in
 silence. Who was ever seen to re-light the sun, the moon,
 and the stars? Hereafter, know that heavenly lights do
 not blow out.”

— *From Aesop's Fables.*

ANDROCLES AND THE LION.



T. L. Gerome.

Many, many centuries ago, when it was the custom in the Roman empire to make slaves of those who were taken in war, a prisoner by the name of Androcles became the slave of a hard-hearted master who beat him cruelly, and in all ways ill-treated him.

At length Androcles, enraged by the cruel treatment which he was every day receiving, ventured in self-defense, to raise his hand against his master. As the penalty for so rash an act was, by the Roman law, instant death, Androcles fled to the desert of Libya, in Africa, hoping that the Roman power would not reach him there.

Weary with a long day's journey, and parched with heat, he was glad to seek refuge in a rocky cave; but scarcely had he laid himself down to rest when he was startled by the loud roar of a lion near by. Seeing the terrible beast approaching, he gave himself up for lost, and, trembling in every limb, he sank to the earth in terror and dismay.

The wild beast, as he entered the cave, gazed fiercely at Androcles for a moment; and then, seeming all at once to lose his fierceness, with plaintive moans and a fawning manner, he came limping forward, holding out one of his paws as he did so.

Androcles, hardly knowing what he did, extended his hand toward the lion, when the huge beast gently laid his paw in it, at the same time making a whining noise as if in great pain.

Encouraged by the manner of the lion, Androcles examined the paw, which he found to be much swollen, and greatly inflamed. Seeing that a thorn had penetrated the foot, he carefully withdrew it, then gently wiped away the blood, and soon relieved the beast of his great suffering.

In every possible way within his power the lion endeavored to express his gratitude for the kindly act. He fawned upon Androcles, gambolled about him, licked his hands and his face, put his head in his lap, and lay down with him in the cave to rest; and so tame and gentle was the lion, that all fear on the part of Androcles soon gave way to the most complete trust and confidence in the animal that had, so lately, been an object of terror.

Except when the lion was off hunting, which was mostly in the night time, he was not willing that Androcles should be out of his sight for a moment; and he seemed perfectly happy in his company. The prey which he captured he brought in and laid down at the feet of Androcles, who was glad to share the raw repast with his newly-found friend and companion. In this way, and with the aid of a few roots and berries which he found in the jungles near by — in gathering which the lion always accompanied him — Androcles lived for some months, without seeing a human being.

But he grew tired of this desert life. He longed for home — his native home, from which he had been rudely torn and borne away captive by the Roman soldiery. Though death threatened him if he should be captured, he resolved to take the risk; and so, one day when the lion was absent, he started on his homeward journey; and after much toil and long wanderings, and enduring much suffering, he found himself in his loved home once more.

But his happiness was of short duration. He was soon after seized, taken to Rome, and sentenced to be devoured by wild beasts in the arena, in the presence of an assemblage of the Roman people. For such occasions, wild beasts captured in the jungles of Africa were confined, without food or drink, in cages surrounding the circus, until they were maddened with thirst and hunger, when they were let loose upon their helpless and terror-stricken victims.

Such was the terrible death that Androcles was condemned to suffer. He was brought into the open arena,

and, the guards having retired, the door of a cage on the opposite side was opened, through which a huge Numidian lion leaped into the arena, his eyeballs glaring fire and his mouth foaming with rage.

Seeing a man before him, he bounded toward him with an angry roar, and had already crouched to make the fatal spring, when, to the astonishment of all, he suddenly stopped short in his mad onset, and crept fawningly to the feet of his intended victim, upon whom he lavished the fondest tokens of joy and affection. Then, turning to the vast assemblage, which had gathered to witness these cruel and wicked sports of a Roman holiday, with looks full of angry reproach he gave forth a roar so tremendous as to make the earth fairly tremble.

Androcles, thus suddenly snatched from the very jaws of death, quickly recognized his old friend and companion of the jungles; and his astonishment and joy were certainly not less than those of the lion. The people, who could not account for such strange conduct on the part of the fiercest and most powerful of wild animals, moved with sympathy for the man whom a hungry lion would not harm, shouted, "Pardon! pardon!"

The games were stopped; and, when the story of Androcles was told, the Emperor granted him a full pardon, restored him to liberty, and made him a present of the lion. After that the noble animal, seeming to have lost all his savage nature, followed Androcles about the city just as a faithful dog would follow his master.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.



Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou com'st not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
 When woods are bare and birds are flown,
 And frosts and shortening days portend
 The agèd year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
 Look through its fringes to the sky,
 Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
 A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
 The hour of death draw near to me,
 Hope, blossoming within my heart,
 May look to heaven as I depart.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

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THE GENTLEMAN.

The gentleman is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd. In his conversation he will remember to whom he is speaking, have thought for all his company, and avoid allusions that would give pain to any of them, steering away, also, from topics that irritate.

When he does a favor to another — and he does many — the gentleman will somehow make it appear that he is receiving the benefit instead of conferring it.

He is never mean or little in his disputes. Moreover, he shows that he has an intellect above the average, in the fact that he never mistakes personalities and sharp sayings for arguments.

— *John Henry Newman.*

THE SAVING OF "BONES."



LOTTIE AND BABY BETTY.

Elizabeth Strong.

PART I.

When James Wilson, with his wife and baby daughter, started West, he gave to a neighbor the old house dog, faithful Lottie, there being a special reason why she might not undertake the long, long journey; but Mrs. Wilson—she who had been Kate Brand—shed bitter tears as she stroked her and kissed her good-bye.

Lottie had come with her from her father's home, and

was known and liked by every one in the village. She carried letters and small parcels with great dignity, and guarded her mistress with savage watchfulness when she was occasionally left alone. Now, drooping under the disgrace of being tied to a strange kennel, she looked with questioning, frightened eyes into the tear-stained face of her mistress, and howled long and dismally when that mistress slowly turned away and left her.

Yet they were but two days on the road, when — all unfit for travel — weary, dusty, a piece of chewed and broken rope trailing beside her — Lottie caught up with the wagons, and looking them over anxiously, found the one that held her world and gave vent to a wildly joyful bark that brought her mistress Kate fairly tumbling out, to throw her arms about the faithful creature's neck, and plead: "Oh, Jim, you won't try to leave her now? Let her come, dear, for baby Betty's sake."

And big Jim Wilson stroked the old dog's head, as he answered: "All right, if you say so, Kate — but she'll never live to reach the journey's end."

"Well, even so," said Kate; "she would rather die with us than live away from us."

And so they lifted the devoted Lottie into the covered wagon, where she lay quite spent and worn out, but happy as a dog could well be.

She soon found plenty to do. She guarded the baby while her mother was busy, she took charge of the horses of her own accord, and walked as far as she could, always wearing a dejected and mortified air when she was forced to get into her box at the rear of the wagon.

And then one morning, at the first faint gray of dawn, Lottie came and poked her cold nose into the sleeping face of Jim Wilson, and he, waking, woke his wife, too, and they peered forth from their blankets to see Lottie, shame-faced and apologetic, laying a small black puppy down beside them.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Jim, out of his astonishment, as Lottie made her third offering, and then with a half deprecating, half entreating air, sat down and looked expectantly at them.

"Oh," cried Kate, "do speak to her; do touch them, Jim, or she'll feel so hurt. Don't you see how proud she secretly is?" And with a laugh, Jim put out his hand and awkwardly gave a kindly thump apiece to the muling little things, that nearly knocked the life out of them. Lottie barked and pranced about, and then carried them, with a high, waving tail, back to the box, there counting them by turning them over with her investigating nose; and then she settled down to her added duties.

Every one came to look at the new arrivals. They made quite a little ripple of interest in the dreary routine of that endless journey westward. The emigrating children were quite wild over them, and that was a proud and happy child who was allowed to walk about a few minutes with an apronful of black little, fat little puppies.

At one of their resting-places this party joined forces with another still smaller one—composed entirely of young men, decent, honest young fellows, and there being safety in numbers, they all journeyed on together. One of the new-comers was Ned Toland, who was acknowledged

to be the best marksman in the party. A splendid target shot — crazy to become a great hunter — his gun seemed to be always in his hand and generally at his shoulder.

A good deal of fun was poked at him about his firing at even the shadows he saw moving across the plains; but Ned only laughed, and as he often provided some very welcome game for them, their fun was good-natured.

Now, as it happened, there was a huntress in that party, too, for mother Lottie found that with three little butter balls of puppies to provide for, she needed more food than could be spared for her; so she had taken to stealing out at night from camp in search of any small game that came in her way.

Unfortunately, no one knew of her newly formed habit; but at one noon rest, as Ned Toland sat smoking and affectionately pulling Lottie's ears, some one declared he had seen a black animal of some kind near camp just before dawn. Some laughed at the tale, but Toland pricked up his ears and resolved to watch for the strange black animal. And so at gray of dawn his rifle cracked, and poor, devoted Lottie fell.

In an instant young Toland recognized her, dropped his gun, and calling her name, ran and lifted her head to his knee. Big tears stood in his eyes as he said: "Thank God! she didn't know I did it, for she looked at me and beat her tail faintly before she went limp and slipped off my knee — dead!"

He might have lied, no one was with him; but he brought her back to camp, and said miserably: "If I had any money, I'd try to pay you damages, Wilson. As for

restitution, that's out of my power, too, and always will be." It is very hard for a man to read the future correctly, as you will see.

And, truly and deeply mourned, the martyred Lottie was left behind, hers being added to the uncounted bones of man and beast that grimly garnished the road to the West. The little butter balls whimpered and rooted about uncomfortably and uncomforted, and soon ceased to be butter balls at all, but grew soft and flabby, and their whimperings grew fainter; and Kate Wilson's tears fell fast, as one after the other, two of them gave up their vague search for the mother-warmth and comfort that had gone from them forever.

Big, honest Jim looked down on the last of the family, and said: "Poor little Bones! Kate, he can't weather it through. Why not let me end the suffering?"

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried. "Lottie's little puppy? Oh, Jim, I couldn't consent. I'll find some way to save little Bones. He's the last scrap of the old home. I must save him!" And Jim affectionately stroked her shoulder, saying: "All right! I only thought to spare him," and went his way.

Kate Wilson took her baby on her arm and walked up and down at the noon stop. She could think of nothing but Bones—poor, little, starving Bones! She could not get enough nourishment down his little throat to keep him alive. She walked farther than usual, and as she turned to come back, a younger woman of the party threw away some trash from her wagon.

She being known to be a giddy and wasteful young

thing, much better off than the other women, Kate decided to look at what was thus cast away. A baby's broken feeding-bottle, was what she saw; and, because the bottle was broken, the wasteful one had cast the entire thing away, she having provided herself with more than one.

In an instant the puppy's future was secure. "With that cast-away rubber top fitted to some old bottle—oh, Lottie, I'll save Bones for your devoted sake!" Kate said to herself, and hurried back to her wagon, where the faintest possible whimper from the puppy told of life and ability to suffer still.

Then, after feeding him with immense success, she took an apron, turned the bottom up to the top and stitched it into a big sort of pouch, lined that with an old bit of flannel, and slipped Bones into it; and, though Jim teasingly called her a kangaroo, she laughed gaily as she tied the apron on, with puppy Bones hanging at her hip; but warm, always warm. And when they reached their claim and settled down in their first log hut, it was fat that most incommoded Bones in his search for knowledge as to his immediate surroundings.

While not claiming him to be a precocious dog, he certainly "took notice" very early. For instance, while still in the trembling and wobbling state, he could discriminate between boots and shoes. He knew quite well, that if he met a man's big boots, he must wobble out of the way or get trodden upon, while if he met a pair of smaller shoes, he need not disturb himself at all, for they would surely go carefully around him.

Then, too, he soon learned that delicious warmth was

always to be found when cuddled up close to the pretty white and pink Betty; and so it happened that Bones and Betty generally took their naps together — in fact, but for Kate's interference, they would have taken their food from the same plate, and their drink from the same cup in the perfect democracy of love and ignorance.

They understood each other with almost incredible exactitude, save on one single point. Bones's almost frantic curiosity as to the intended use and the exact structure of the tip of his own tail led him to pursue it frequently, earnestly, even wildly; and when, with reeling brain, he lost his balance and tumbled helpless — but still ignorant — to the floor, Betty burst into perfect gales of laughter, believing he had been chasing his tail for her special amusement. However, poor Bones was no worse off than many another whose frantic search for truth and knowledge arouses laughter in the looker-on.

So these young things grew side by side, and goo-gooed and gurgled and yapped at each other, and together learned laboriously to walk, one on four feet, the other on two; and though Betty usually carried Bones upside down, and often, in some causeless burst of baby glee, pounded him with both little fists, neither growl nor snap of resentment or remonstrance ever came from the little son of loyal, loving Lottie.

One day, while yet his puppy teeth were sharp as needles, as the baby sat on the ground in front of the cabin playing with a clothes-pin doll, Mrs. Wilson, preparing the corn cake and fried meat and apples for her husband's noon dinner, suddenly heard a cry from Betty and a puppyish

growling from Bones. Looking quickly out, she saw Betty brushing her wee skirt with her hands, and saying over and over again, "Nassy, nassy! Bad, bad!" while Bones seemed to be having a joyous and exciting time a little farther off, shaking something vigorously. Then, as Jim the next moment entered at one door bringing Betty with him, puppy Bones dashed in at the other door, proudly dragging a good-sized snake, barely dead, which he promptly deposited at his master's feet.

"Keh!" said Betty, wrinkling up her little nose. "Nassy, nassy!" and then they understood.

"Good boy!" cried Jim Wilson; "you're Lottie's son, and no mistake! Kate, you did a good job when you saved that little rascal's life. He's going to be a dog worth having."

And after baby had been kissed and washed, and kissed again, the first slice of meat from that humble table went to the willing teeth of Bones, who was a hero in the family from that moment; for, though the snake was not a poisonous one, he had shown the instinct to guard and protect, and the pluck to attack.

PART II.

And so it came about that Bones was beloved beyond the wont of common dogs; and as he advanced in doggish knowledge, his collection of other creatures' bones was surprisingly large for a farmer's animal to own. These he buried wildly, but not very deeply, because he was often troubled with doubts as to their safety, and frequently dug open his cupboards, simply to make sure that the contents had not been disturbed.



"BONES."

He grew to be a splendid, big fellow—stately and dignified, with a noble breadth of head, and his deep-throated barking was a pleasant sound to those on the lonely Kansas farm. His devotion to little Betty was beautiful to behold, and the farmers used to say he would go through fire and water to reach her—meaning but figures of speech—when, lo! one late summer day, he proved their truth; for in the excitement of fighting a fierce prairie fire, Betty got cut off by a narrow strip of burning grass, and, overcome with terror, sank helplessly to the ground.

Bones, whimpering piteously, ran up and down for a moment, then, with a wild bark, dashed through the

flaming grass to the child's side, and dragged her several feet toward safety before assistance came in the person of the terrified father. That made Bones a hero to the whole widely-scattered neighborhood and on bandaged feet he walked into the hearts of every mother in the country.

One bitterly cold winter day, when Bones had left puppyhood behind him, Jim Wilson started for the city. Bones naturally showed some desire to go, too; but being ordered back, obeyed pleasantly enough, when, glancing out a moment later, he saw Betty sitting on the wagon-seat. Not knowing she was only there for fun, "just making believe" she was going with "dear dad," he instantly resolved that his idolized little mistress should not go to the city without his care and protection.

To avoid being locked up, he hurried off ahead, before the starting of the wagon, to make a detour and join it again about two miles higher up the road, knowing he would not be sent home when so far on the way. But for once he overreached himself. When he saw the wagon, and joyfully rushed toward it, lo! there sat his farmer master all alone. The dog looked so utterly crestfallen and taken aback, that even the unobservant Jim understood his position and laughed aloud.

After sitting down disconsolately for a few moments, Bones suddenly made up his mind to go on now to the city, and again he followed his wagon. The day was sunny, but so very cold that he made only the briefest pauses to exchange greetings with the dogs he met or passed on the road, until he came to the great bridge that with majestic mien crossed the river with a stately stride.

He knew the horses had to slow up while crossing, and, as he had been really suffering from thirst for several miles past, he resolved to run down the embankment to the river's edge and get a good, soul-satisfying drink of water, after which, with a little extra effort, he could catch up with them again.

Down he went, but found that it took longer than he expected. Then there was some trouble about reaching water. Yesterday there had been much thawing, to-day there was freezing. He went out on the ice a little way, and finally found water gushing up from between two big cakes of ice. As he lifted his head from his long drink he was surprised to see his wagon just leaving the far end of the bridge. Rather excited and confused, he thought what a long time the clamber up the embankment and the walk across the bridge would take. Why not just cross the river now, down here? and with a rush he started.

The river looked a solid table of ice to him — poor fellow! — but, alas, it was a mass of rotten, broken blocks, thinly and treacherously held together by a mere film of the day's freezing. Loud reports frightened him. Instead of turning back he leaped forward. The piece he left sank, water rushed over the bit he landed on — it broke off! Reports followed, loud and fast, in all directions. In the very middle of the stream the water ran fast and dark in a narrow channel. He leaped that. Again the ice broke under his weight. The awful cold was making him clumsy. He ran up and down, but always there was water between him and the bank.

At last, he stood on a sort of island of ice, cut off com-

pletely from the land. He stood there and barked and barked until his great voice thickened and failed; but no one came to his help. His legs could no longer support him; he sank down on the ice. A gush of water swept over his body. He lifted his suffering eyes to the mocking safety of the bridge, arching with splendid indifference over him. There was no help. Inert, helpless, he lay, a water-soaked, freezing, black heap of misery.

Now, up — high up on the river's bank — there stood a private car, and its occupant was a woman, and that woman was an adorer of animals. She had heard the barking and, smiling at its tone, had thought at first that was the kind of bark Byron had in mind when he wrote the poem on pleasant sounds he loved.

Then the strange persistence of it, its lessening strength, disturbed her. She grew anxious, and finally sent the porter to see what it could mean. His report brought her to her feet, and hurrying on a fur cloak and cap, she hastened to the bridge. Oh, it was pitiful! She saw through her glass how fine a fellow he was. She thought if he could be aroused and help offered him, perhaps he might struggle to the shore.

Men began to notice her. She called their attention to the dog. Some laughed contemptuously, some honestly tried to help the poor beast. One said, "It's all useless, he's nearly dead now." At the woman's entreaty two men finally went down to the river's edge to try to reach him in some way, but came back, shaking their heads and saying she had no idea how far out he was, how deep the water, how rotten the ice.

Just then down the road came the clipperty, clapperty, clapperty, clap of a galloping horse. The crowd of men surrounding the pitying woman urged her to go away and look no longer. At this she broke into helpless weeping, and then the galloping horse stopped short, and a curt, clear voice asked, "What's the matter here?"

The woman made swift answer: "It's a fine dog—half drowned and freezing to death, down on the ice, and I can't find any one who can help him."

Not so very long a speech, but at its end the man was out of his saddle and holding the *riata*, or lasso, which had hung at his saddle pommel, coiled and ready in his brown hand. "Where?" he asked.

The woman pointed. "Make room!" he ordered briefly. The men, in breathless excitement, drew apart. He looked over, moved a few inches, straightened himself, and raised his arm. To the watching woman's brain there flashed the thought that the whole splendid young West was personified in the man before her—clear of eye, swift of judgment, steady of nerve, ready for the emergency.

With a supple gesture he whirled the coiled-up power three times about his head, and then with a venomous hissing "zi-zi-zi-p-p!" it cut through space in a sharp, straight line. The noose at its end, as round as a hoop, hung for one second apparently perfectly still in the air, then dropped steadily as a plummet, swift as lightning, fairly about the dog's shoulders. A mighty jerk, and a faintly struggling black creature was swinging up from the river, was dropped, dripping, half-strangled, on the middle of the bridge.

As the stranger swiftly removed the lasso from the dog's neck, some one cried out: "Why, that's Bones—Wilson's Bones!—the finest dog in this country."

Every one watched his first unsuccessful efforts to rise; and when, with a violent cough, he finally got upon his numbed legs after wavering a bit, he gave so mighty a shake to his soaked black coat that every one laughingly jumped aside to avoid the icy shower.

Turning to give thanks to the man of ready action and kind heart, they saw him already in his saddle, clattering on his way across the long bridge; and because it was the woman's clear voice that led the cheers sent after him, he turned and laughingly swept his old sombrero from his head in acknowledgment.

"Well, now!" said an old fellow, who wore an imitation sealskin cap and ear tabs, "I dunno who that feller is, and as nobody else knows I reckon"—he looked inquiringly around at the group—"Jim Wilson won't know who to thank for savin' that dog of hissen—and he'll be plumb sorry, too—for he does set great store by Bones."

But the ubiquitous small boy, who was already plotting against the family clothes-line, with a view to lassoing any old things lassoable, piped up:

"That feller that yanked the dog, mister? That's Ned Toland. He's a cow-boy from Texas that's a-visitin' his uncle, Jake Toland, out at Spring Farm."

"That so?" asked the ancient cap-wearer. "Well, then, I'll stop at Wilson's place ter night as I drive hum, and jest tell him. Toland, eh? Ned Toland?"

Then all turned to give a parting look at the dog, the

woman meaning to coax him over to the car for a dinner there; but a rather slowly diminishing black blotch down the whitish road showed that Bones had limbered up, and was making for home, as a wise dog should.

Along in the evening, when Bones had his silky coat brushed free from all the icy mud it carried, and had taken



BETTY.

and profited by the warm porridge which Mrs. Wilson—seeing from his exhausted condition that something had happened to him—had prepared, he lay before the open fire, at Betty's feet, and gazed with adoring brown eyes into her face.

And there the farmer found him, who stopped in to

tell the family of Bones's adventure that day. Little Betty's arms were about the black neck, and the tears were running down her plump pink cheeks long before the saving lasso had been flung; and when all was told, at the name of "Ned Toland," Kate Wilson sprang to her husband's side. "Jim!" she cried, "oh, Jim, don't let him go back to Texas without knowing that he has made restitution for dear old Lottie's death by this fine rescue of her son! Send him a message, please do, please."

Jim Wilson looked down at the fair head of his child resting so lovingly on Bones's shoulder and thought how her life would have been saddened had her playmate and guardian gone down that day beneath the icy waters. He cleared his throat twice before he could make answer: "I'll do better than that, Kate. I'll harness up early to-morrow morning, and drive over to Spring Farm, find Toland, and thank him in person for the saving of Bones."

—*Clara Morris (Adapted).*

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"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, he will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. Come what may, he asks but to remain at his master's side."

LITTLE BELL.



Piped the blackbird
on the beechwood
spray,
"Pretty maid, slow wan-
dering this way,
What's your name?"
quoth he—
"What's your name? O,
stop and straight
unfold,
Pretty maid with show-
ery curls
of gold";
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks—
"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go."
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the blackbird piped; you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird—
Full of quips and wiles,
Now so round and rich, now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
 His full heart freely o'er and o'er
 'Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below,
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
 And shine forth in happy overflow
 From the blue, bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped and through the glade;
 Peeped the squirrel from the hazel shade,
 And from out the tree
 Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear;
 While bold blackbird piped that all might hear,—
 "Little Bell," piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern,—
 "Squirrel, squirrel, to your task return;
 Bring me nuts," quoth she.
 Up, away, the frisky squirrel hies,—
 Golden wood-lights glancing in his eyes,—
 And adown the tree
 Great, ripe nuts, kissed brown by July sun,
 In the little lap dropped, one by one.
 Hark! how blackbird pipes to see the fun!
 "Happy Bell," pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade,—
 "Squirrel, squirrel, if you're not afraid,
 Come and share with me!"
 Down came squirrel eager for his fare,
 Down came bonny blackbird, I declare;

Little Bell gave each his honest share,—
Ah, the merry three!

And the while these frolic playmates twain
Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
'Neath the morning skies,
In the little childish heart below,
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine out in happy overflow
From her blue, bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day,
Knelt sweet Bell with folded palms, to pray;
Very calm and clear
Rose the praying voice to where, unseen
In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
Paused a while to hear.

“What good child is this,” the angel said,
“That with happy heart beside her bed
Prays so lovingly?”

Low and soft, O, very low and soft,
Crooned the blackbird in the orchard croft,
“Bell, dear Bell,” crooned he.

“Whom God’s creatures love,” the angel fair
Murmured, “God doth bless with angels’ care;
Child, thy bed shall be
Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
Little Bell, for thee!”

—*Thomas Westwood.*

FRANKLIN'S FAMOUS TOAST.

This is Benjamin Franklin's famous toast given at the Versailles banquet which followed the signing of the treaty of peace. The banquet was given by a French nobleman, and among the guests were several loyal British subjects, about a dozen Frenchmen, and the four American Peace Commissioners. At the close of the feast one of the Englishmen rose, and, holding a glass aloft and looking intently at Franklin, he said:

“I wish to propose a toast to England — the sun — and the grandest nation on the globe.”

Naturally, the British subjects present loudly applauded the toast proposed, whereupon a young Frenchman sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

“To France! Beautiful France!”

And then, bowing gracefully to the Englishman who had proposed the first toast, he added:

“To France — the moon — my toast is offered.”

This caused the Frenchmen, Americans, and Englishmen to rise and join in honoring France. After the glasses had been drained, all the guests, with the exception of Franklin, resumed their seats. This caused all eyes to be turned upon him, and, in a voice broken with emotion, he said:

“Gentlemen, we are told in the Good Book, of Joshua, who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still in the heavens, and they obeyed him. I drink, sirs, to George Washington.”

—*Selected.*

SPRING AT POGANUC.

"Oh! mamma, there is a bluebird! Spring is come!"

"A bluebird! Impossible so early in March. You must be mistaken."

"No. Come to the door; you can hear him just as plain!"

And, sure enough, on the highest top of the great button-ball tree opposite the house sat the little blue angel singing with all his might—a living sapphire dropped down from the walls of the beautiful city above. A most sanguine and imprudent bluebird certainly he must have been, though the day was so lovely and the great icicles on the eaves of the house were actually commencing to drip. But there undoubtedly he was—herald and harbinger of good days to come.

"It is an omen," said the good parson, as he put his arms fondly round his wife. "The Lord liveth, and blessed be our rock!"

And the boys and little Dolly ran out, shouting wildly:

"There's been a bluebird. Spring is coming—spring is coming!"

Yes. Spring was coming; the little bluebird herald was right, though he must have chilled his beak and frozen his toes as he sat there. But he came from the great Somewhere, where things are always bright; where life and summer and warmth and flowers are forever going on while we are bound down under ice and snow.

There was a thrill in the hearts of all the children that day, with visions of coming violets, hepaticas and anem-

ones, of green grass, and long, bright, sunny rambles by the side of the Poganuc river.

The boys were so premature in hope as to get out their store of fish-hooks, and talk of troutng. The minister looked over his box of garden seeds, and read the labels. "Early Lettuce," "Early Cucumbers," "Summer Squashes"—all this was inspiring reading, and seemed to help him to have faith that a garden was coming round again, though the snow banks yet lay over the garden-spot deep and high. All day long it thawed and melted; a warm south wind blew and the icicles dripped, so that there was a continual patter.

Notwithstanding the apparition of the bluebird and the sanguine hopes of the boys, the winter yet refused to quit the field. Where these early bluebirds go to, that come to cheer desponding hearts in arctic regions like Poganuc, is more than one can say.

Birds' wings are wonderful little affairs, and may carry them many hundred southward miles in a day. Dolly, however, had her own theory about it, and that was that the bird went right up into heaven, and there waited till all the snow-storms were over.

Certain it was that the Poganuc people, after two promising days of thaw, did not fall short of that "six weeks' sledding in March" which has come to be proverbial.

The thaw, which had dripped from icicles and melted from snow banks, froze stiffer than ever, and then there came a two days' snowstorm—good, big, honest snow-feathers, that fell and fell all day and all night, till all the

houses wore great white night-caps; the paths in front of all the house-doors had to be shoveled out again, and the farmers with their sleds turned out to break roads.

But at last—at last—spring did come at Poganuc! This marvel and mystery of the new creation did finally take place there every year, in spite of every appearance to the contrary. Long after the bluebird that had sung the first promise had gone back into his own celestial ether, the promise that he sung was fulfilled.

Like those sweet, foreseeing spirits, that on high, bare tree-tops of human thought pour forth songs of hope in advance of their age and time, our bluebird was gifted with the sure spirit of prophecy; and, though the winds were angry and loud, though snows lay piled and deep for long weeks after, though ice and frost and hail armed themselves in embattled forces, yet the sun behind them all kept shining and shining, every day longer and longer, every day drawing nearer and nearer, till the snows passed away like a bad dream, and the brooks woke up and began to laugh and gurgle, and the ice went out of the ponds.

Then the pussy-willows threw out their soft catkins, and the ferns came up with their woolly hoods on, like prudent old house mothers, looking to see if it was yet time to unroll their tender greens, and the white blossoms of the shad-blow and the tremulous tags of the birches and alders shook themselves gaily out in the woods.

Then under brown rustling leaf-banks came the white, waxy shells of the trailing arbutus with its pink buds, fair as a winter's dawn on snow; then the blue and white hepaticas opened their eyes, and cold, sweet white violets

starred the moist edges of water courses, and great blue violets opened large eyes in the shadows, and the white and crimson trilliums unfurled under the flickering lace-work shadows of the yet leafless woods; the red columbine waved its bells from the rocks, and great tufts of golden cowslips fringed the borders of the brooks.

Then came in flocks the delicate wind-flower family; anemones, starry white, and the crow-foot, with its pink outer shell, and the spotted adder's tongue, with its waving yellow bells of blossom. Then, too, the honest, great green leaves of the old skunk cabbage, most refreshing to the eye in its hardy, succulent greenness, though an abomination to the nose of the ill-informed who should be tempted to gather them.

In a few weeks the woods, late so frozen — hopelessly buried in snow drifts — were full of a thousand beauties and delicacies of life and motion, and flowers bloomed on every hand. "Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth."

And, not least, the opening season had set free the imprisoned children; and Dolly and the boys, with dog Spring at their heels, had followed the courses of the brooks and the rippling brown shallows of Poganuc River for many a blissful hour, and the parsonage had everywhere been decorated with tumblers and tea-cups holding floral offerings of things beautiful at the time they were gathered, but becoming rather a matter of trial to the eye of exact house-keeping.

Yet both Mrs. Cushing and Nabby had a soft heart for Dolly's flowers, sharing themselves the general sense of joy

for the yearly deliverance of which they were the signs and seals. And so the work of renewing the face of the earth went on from step to step. The forest hills around Poganuc first grew misty with a gentle haze of pink and lilac, which in time changed to green and then to greener shades, till at last the full-clothed hills stood forth in the joy of re-creation, and, as of old, "all the trees of the field clapped their hands."

And the birds of Poganuc! When the March snows had melted somewhat, little Dolly's heart was gladdened by many bluebirds; these were promptly followed by the social, cheery robins; and — as the season advanced — other New England birds came back in flocks, taking complete possession of the orchard and meadow, and filling the air with joyous bird melodies. Who shall interpret what is meant by the sweet jargon of robin and oriole and bobolink, with their endless reiterations? Something wiser, perhaps, than we dream of in our lower life here.

Poganuc in its summer dress was a beautiful place. Its main street had a row of dignified white houses, with deep door-yards and large side-gardens, where the great scarlet peony flamed forth, where were generous tufts of white lilies, with tall spires of saintly blossoms, and yellow lilies with their faint sweet perfume, and all the good old orthodox flowers of stately family and valid pretensions. In all the door-yards and along the grassy streets were overshadowing, long-branching trees, forming a roof of verdure, a green upper world from whose recesses birds dropped down their songs in languages unknown to us mortals.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe (Adapted).*

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SPRING.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
 Which dwells with all things fair —
 Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
 Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
 Its fragrant lamps, and turns
 Into a royal court with green festoons
 The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
 The blood is all aglee,
 And there's a look about the leafless bowers
 As if they dreamed of flowers.
 In gardens you may note amid the dearth
 The crocus breaking earth,
 And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
 The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows must needs pass
 Along the budding grass,
 And weeks go by, before the enamored South
 Shall kiss the rose's mouth.
 Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
 In the sweet airs of morn;
 One almost looks to see the very street
 Grow purple at his feet!

— *Henry Timrod (Abridged)*.

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ALBUM VERSES.

When Eve had led her lord away,
 And Cain had killed his brother,
 The stars and flowers, the poets say,
 Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
 And teach the race its duty,
 By keeping on its wicked heart
 Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
 Will be at least a warning;
 And so the flowers would watch by day,
 The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
 Their dewy eyes upturning,
 The flowers shall watch from reddening dawn
 Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
 A tale of shame so crushing,
 That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
 And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
 On all their light discovers,
 The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
 The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

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WORDS AND DEEDS.

A FABLE.

A peasant wandering through the woods, in the guise of a hunter, came upon a woodcutter. Wishing to be thought brave, he accosted the woodcutter, saying: "Friend, I am most anxious to slay a lion. Can you show me his tracks, or, better still, tell me where the lion's lair is? I am told that one of these savage beasts makes his home in this very forest."

"Quite true," said the woodcutter, "and I can show you not only the lion's tracks but the lion himself."

Now this was the last thing that the pretended hunter had expected to hear, for he had not once dreamed that there was really a lion in the vicinity.

Turning as pale as death, with chattering teeth, he stammered out: "I thank you, friend, but I really have an important engagement some miles away which I had quite forgotten. I will, therefore, defer the pleasures of the chase till another day. Just now I have not time to look at the lion or even his tracks."

LITTLE HILDIKA, THE DAUGHTER OF THE GOTHS.



Gabriel Max.

PART I.

Many hundred years ago, there lived in the north of Europe a light-hearted, blue-eyed race of people, called Goths. They were tall and very strong; most of the men were farmers, and raised immense herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and goats.

Father Goth was long of limb and fleet of foot. His dress was a short tunic fastened about his waist by a belt.

Next his skin, he wore a garment made of linen, and his lower limbs were covered with trousers that often came to the ankles. If he wore a hat at all, it was decorated with a single eagle's or heron's feather. In the winter a long fur cloak protected him from the piercing wind.

Mother Goth was broad of shoulder, deep and full of chest, and with a stride a mountaineer might have envied, in spite of her long and flowing dress. Her head-dress was a square of gay cloth tied under her chin. Sometimes her long light hair blew picturesquely about her fair, rosy face, or was allowed to fall over her shoulders in thick braids. The little Goths were hardy boys and girls, exact miniatures of their parents.

These people were fond of hunting, fishing, and boating. They lived in very rude houses made of huge logs of wood, the chinks being stuffed with straw. In the center, in a hole in the ground, they built their fires. They ate with their fingers, and drank out of horns, the men and women using the horns of oxen, the girls and boys the horns of sheep.

This people of the far North were very fond of nature. All the great things about them that they could see and hear appealed to them very strongly. The sun, the moon, the wind, the storm, were objects of worship; and, as time went on, they constructed a mythology, and evolved a race of gods which represented these forces of nature. These gods were fierce and warlike, but they were pure in deed, and in this respect differed from most of the Greek and Roman gods.

Thor was the thunder god, and his weapon was a

powerful hammer. When a boy was born, a sign representing a hammer was made over him. He was not fed with a spoon; but his nurse used his father's ponderous iron sword instead, placing the food on the very tip. This meant that the parents hoped that some day the boy would become a great warrior.

Wodin, or Odin, was the god of wisdom, and two large birds were supposed to tell him everything that happened on earth. These two birds were ravens, named Thought and Memory. Frey was the goddess of friendship, faith and freedom. Balder was the beautiful sun god, so beloved of all that parents loved to name their boys after him.

The Goths had many more ideas about religion; but these are enough to show that they believed in good things, in a blind kind of way, and were ignorant only because they were untaught. Two splendid things they always did — they reverenced their women, and kept their promises.

In one of the Gothic villages, there lived two children, Hildika and Balduin, about fourteen and sixteen years of age, and their parents loved them very dearly. Their mother was named Sunigilda, and their father was known as Gero.

Gero, like the rest of the Gothic men, admired his wife, and respected all other women, and he taught his son Balduin to love Hildika and take care of her when they went out together.

In the summer the boy went hunting, fishing, and swimming, and was taught to care for the cattle. In the winter he sped away over the frozen rivers on his skates,

played chess with his father, or listened, in the long evenings, to the songs of wandering minstrels. Gero taught his son — as all Gothic fathers did — that it was glorious to die in battle, for then he would go to Valhalla, the Gothic heaven, and be happy forever.

Sunigilda taught Hildika how to spin coarse flax, how to dress meat and fish, and how to use the bow and arrow; for often the Gothic women went to war and helped their husbands in battle. While mother and daughter worked together, the latter learned many long pieces of poetry, which narrated the wonderful deeds of their forefathers in battle.

Hildika and her brother had certain tasks to perform each day, and when these were done they went off to play. The little girl took her bow and arrow, and the boy his spear, and jumping on to their rough little horses, with nothing but the thick mane for a bridle, they rode bareback away into the woods. Fast and far they went, without the slightest fear; for they knew not the meaning of that word. Then they jumped from their horses and laid themselves flat on the ground listening — listening — to see if they could hear what the wind was saying to the sighing trees, and what the trees in turn told to the birds.

Hildika and Balduin believed that the wind brought a message of some kind and told it to the trees, which told it in turn to the birds that flew away with it to Wodin, and they were anxious to know the story; for an old woman had told the children that if they once heard this tale of the wind, they would be as wise as the gods themselves.

It was delightfully quiet in the woods. Looking

up through the thick trees, they could just see a strip of blue sky; and when a white cloud sailed silently along over their heads, they wondered where it came from, where it was going to, what other child in some other land had seen it, and whether they should ever go away from home, like their uncle Safrax, their mother's only brother. He was a minstrel, and years before had left his native land, but had never returned.

One day the children heard a rustling in the grass near them, and a young bear suddenly appeared and snuffed them all over with his cool nose. They were intelligent enough to lie perfectly still, and very soon the bear trotted off, thinking they were dead.

Balduin, however, jumped up, and, telling his sister to stay back—just as boys are apt to do now-a-days when anything important is going on—dodged from one tree to another, determined to spear the bear if possible. Hildika, who had her bow and arrows ready, crept along after her brother, and planned a little surprise for him.

Soon the bear was in plain sight, and nimble Hildika, just as she saw Balduin raise his arm, let fly her arrow and the bear fell over. Balduin's spear lodged in the tree right above where Bruin fell, and the prize was Hildika's.

The boy's face grew very red, but he did not quarrel, as he had been taught early in life to respect his sister. So the bear was slung across the back of one of the horses, and the children and horses, then trotted home with the bear.

Into the house they flew, eager to tell the story. Here they saw a strange man in a strange dress, with a harp

slung across his back, of whom Sunigilda said simply, "My children, this is Safrax, your uncle, who has come to tell us all about his wanderings."

The bear story would not keep, however; and Uncle Safrax, who had never seen his niece and nephew before, was so delighted with Hildika for killing the bear, that he said she ought to have the skin for her own bed, and that the tender meat ought to be dried and laid away for her own use in the winter.

He then gave her a wonderful present. It was a long gold pin, set with a large fire opal from the Adriatic. He next wound her fair, long braids about her head, shot the shining pin through the mass, and said, standing off to see the effect, "Now you can go to Rome, my daughter; the southern girls have dark hair and great, dark eyes; but I like you better. Always keep the pin; she to whom it belonged is dead."

Then he unslung his harp and sang, to a plaintive melody, a sailor's song, the last verse of which was:

"Forget me not in twilight, morn or even,
When on the waves the stars sink smilingly,
I think of thee as saints converse in heaven;
Forget me not."

This language was almost incomprehensible to Sunigilda and the children. "Saints!" They had never heard of saints, but they could tell by the music and the sadness of Safrax's voice that he had had great trouble; and they sat quietly with folded hands long after the music ceased.

PART II.

The news of the home-coming of Safrax flew like wild-fire through the Gothic village; and it was not long before the little house was full of eager listeners to the strange tales the minstrel told.

Years before, he had left his native village — “a youth with soul on fire.” South, and always south, he went, led by an irresistible impulse. Since then he had heard the songs of other nations; he had seen their grand statues, and their grander temples. He had learned of their religions and of their gods, so unlike his own. Tremblingly he had stood before the altar raised to the “Unknown God,” and had caught faint whispers of one great Being, who ruled over all.

He had sailed on the bosom of fair rivers, and had lain and dreamed beneath soft summer skies. He had drunk of the wines of Italy, rich with her glowing sunshine, and had tasted dainty food of every description. He had wreathed his harp with red hearted roses, and the rich perfume seemed to waft itself about him as he sang.

Safrax ceased, and his audience became spellbound as they heard of this wonderful fairy-land, so different from their own home. So enchanting did it all seem, that before many weeks, the whole Gothic nation, men, women, children, horses, oxen, sheep and goats were taking the long journey from the north to the south of Europe, in search of the wonderful things that Safrax had promised.

The route the Goths took is not very well known. Safrax was their guide. Europe then was very different from the Europe of to-day. Vast, impenetrable forests met

them on every hand. They crossed lonely mountains and forded dangerous streams. But they were used to hardships, were perfectly fearless, and so, absorbing into their ranks the wandering tribes they met, they finally landed on the banks of the Danube river. Here they cultivated the soil, learned some useful arts, and began to flourish.

Unfortunately their passion for war led them often into the neighboring countries, and they were feared by every one. But, finally, after they had pillaged and destroyed many beautiful cities, the Roman Emperor, Claudius, punished them very severely in battle.

Gero was among the slain, and Sunigilda killed herself, as the warriors' wives always did rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. Safrax, Balduin and Hildika, with their hands tied behind them, were taken as prisoners to Rome and sold in the market place. Balduin was bought by a patrician, and Safrax found a not unpleasant home, where he played and sang the songs of many lands.

Hildika, who still wore in her heavy braids the gold pin her uncle had told her always to keep, became the property of a rich widow, Flaminia. Separated from her brother and uncle, never more to see her father and mother, footsore, worn and wretched, her wrists aching with the strain upon them, she appeared before her mistress.

Flaminia summoned a black woman, who took Hildika to a bath room — which was an immense marble basin covered with a pretty roof — unfastened Hildika's hands, and pointed to the water.

In an instant the poor girl slipped out of her old dress, and with a cry of delight, plunged into the basin. Sud-

denly she rose, shook the water from her face, and swam delightedly back and forth.

The bath over, Hildika unfastened her luxuriant hair, braided it afresh, wound it about her head, plait upon plait, and fastened all securely with her gold pin. Then she was given a linen undergarment, and a dark blue dress, called a tunic, which fell from her shoulders and was fastened about the waist by a belt. A pair of neat sandals covered her feet.

Returning to the room she had first entered, Hildika found it empty; but hearing voices she proceeded to another apartment, and here she stood spellbound. The floor was inlaid with curious marbles; flowering plants in exquisite pots stood about; on the altar lay an offering of fruit; there were here and there statues on pedestals, and black servants, motionless, holding aloft fans of rich feathers on long handles.

In the middle of the apartment sat Flaminia, and, talking earnestly to her, were her two children. The mother wore the rich dress of a Roman lady of rank and upon her head was a small gold crown. Her oldest child was a proud boy of about a dozen years.

Near him stood his sister, a child of ten, with a pale, oval face, encircled with dark brown curls kept in place by a jewelled ribbon. Her eyes were dark, and she had a gentle, loving glance. Her dress was of soft white wool, like her mother's, and perched on her finger was a bird, which she was feeding.

Hildika advanced toward this group, and when Flaminia saw the Gothic girl, she involuntarily exclaimed

under her breath: "What a beauty!" Truly the barbarian was worthy of the phrase. Her golden hair, her fresh cheeks, tanned a little, yet fair when compared with those of the Roman matron, her well developed frame, the dark dress — all combined to render her strikingly beautiful.

In a few words, her duties were explained to her. She was to watch over the children, Laurentius and Juliana. She was to do their bidding on the instant, see that they did not stray from the house, attend them at meals—in short, be their slave.

It was spring-time in Rome when Hildika became a member of Flaminia's family. Taking the children by the hand, she wandered about the beautiful streets, looking at the statues, the fountains, the temples, and striving to forget her old home. In the summer, when Rome became unbearably hot, they all went to the mountains; and here Hildika taught the children to listen that they might hear what the birds said. One day, as they were quietly listening, they heard some one singing a hymn of praise.

"Jesu sweet; recall, I pray,
'Twas for me Thou trod'st Thy way,
Lose me ne'er from Thee that day."

Rising quietly, Hildika crept forward on her hands and knees, and, to her astonishment, saw a small group of people sitting around an open space. The singing had ceased, and all were kneeling and listening with hands raised to heaven while one of the group spoke, and this one was the negress who had first helped her bathe.

After the prayer, there was more singing, then conver-

sation in low tones, and then the little crowd dispersed. Hildika had come upon a band of Christians, worshiping God in spirit and in truth, but secretly, for fear of their enemies. The whole event excited her powerfully, and, finally, the African told Hildika that she was a Christian, that her God was not any god of the Romans, but a just and wise Being, and that those who believed in Him were forced to worship Him in caves, in forests, or in underground places, for fear of the Romans, who believed in many gods and persecuted all Christians, even to the death.

Hildika became greatly interested. The singing, the praying, the mystery of the whole thing, fascinated her exceedingly, and she often slipped away to join in the hymns and prayers to the God of the universe. But one fateful day the little band was discovered by some Roman soldiers, who came upon them in their hiding-place, and all were arrested, thrown into damp dungeons, and finally condemned to be devoured by wild beasts in the public arena at Rome, according to the custom of the time. Laurentius and Juliana begged and pleaded that Hildika might be spared, and even Flaminia pleaded long for her beautiful slave, but in vain.

On a hot summer day, when the sun of Rome burned in her blue sky like a great yellow flower whose every petal seemed a tongue of fire, the arena was crowded with spectators, eager once more to see the blood of human beings color its hideous sands. Every stone seat was taken. Haughty patricians, men and women, dressed in magnificent garments, hung far out of the lower seats, fearful of losing one single agonized glance of the Christian victims.

The poorer class, the plebeians, sat above, a pushing, shouting, struggling mass, just as anxious to witness this horrible spectacle as were their richer neighbors.

Suddenly Hildika, the beautiful young Gothic maiden, dressed in white, was sent into the round space. She leaned for a moment against the cruel wall of stone, when from somewhere—it seemed right out of the air—there floated toward her a delicate pink rose.

She caught the delicious odor as it passed her face, and looking up to see from whence it came, her astonished eyes saw Safrax, her uncle. Keeping his blue eyes fixed with loving intentness upon hers, he swept his hands across his harp, and faintly, over the heads of that vast concourse of people, there was wafted to her ears the tender, well-remembered notes of

“I think of thee as saints converse in heaven.”

In an instant the present and all its dreadful possibilities were quite forgotten. Visions of the far-off northern land, where had passed all her free, happy childhood, rose before her yearning, aching eyes still fixed steadfastly upon her uncle's loved face. Thus Hildika never knew that a hungry lion with baleful eyes was creeping toward her. One terrible instant of agony, and—with the applause of that cruel assemblage ringing in her uncomprehending ears—her pure soul went home to the God whose voice she had dimly heard in the whispering, sighing winds of the fragrant home forests—the God whose love had later become more than all the world besides to the homesick heart of this young, beautiful, desolate daughter of the Goths.

—*Menca C. Pfiessing (Adapted).*

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

JULY 4, 1776.



There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were ripe with people
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
 So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
 Was all turbulent with sound.

“ Will they do it? ” “ Dare they do it? ”
 “ Who is speaking? ” “ What’s the news? ”
“ What of Adams? ” “ What of Sherman? ”
 “ Oh! God grant they won’t refuse! ”
“ Make some way, there! ” “ Let me nearer! ”
 “ I am stifling! ” “ Stifle, then!
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
 We’ve no time to think of men! ”

So they beat against the portal,
 Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
 On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
 Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
 All unconquered rise again.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers
 Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
 Looks forth to give the sign;
With his little hands uplifted,

Breezes dallying with his hair,
 Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
 Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
 List the boy's exulting cry!
 "Ring!" he shouts aloud; "ring! grandpa,
 Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
 Quickly at the given signal
 The old bellman lifts his hand,
 Forth he sends the good news, making
 Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calmly gliding Delaware.
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from flames, like fabled Phœnix,
 Our glorious Liberty arose.

That old State House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
 But the spirit it awakened
 Still is living — ever young;
 And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
 On the fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bellman,
 Who betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rang out loudly, "Independence,"
 Which, please God, shall never die!

— *Unknown.*

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
 Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
 For every want of ours,
 For luxury, medicine and toil,
 And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made
 All dyed with rainbow light,
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness
 Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
 Then wherefore had they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
 Whene'er his faith is dim,
 For whoso careth for the flowers
 Will care much more for Him.

— *Mary Howitt.*

LITTLE MOTHER QUACKALINA.

STORY OF A DUCK FARM.

The black duck had a hard time of it from the beginning — that is, from the beginning of her life on the farm. She had been a free, wild bird up to that time, swimming in the bay, and playing hide-and-seek with her brothers and sisters and cousins among the marsh reeds along the bank. Indeed she was daintily swimming in graceful curves around Sir Sooty Drake, her seventh cousin, among the marsh-mallow clumps at the mouth of "Tarrup Crik," when the shot was fired that changed all her prospects in life.

The farmer's boy was a hunter, and so had been his grandfather, and his grandfather's gun did its work with a terrific old-fashioned explosion.

When it shot into the great clump of pink mallows everything trembled. The air was full of smoke, and for a distance of a quarter of a mile away the toads crept out of their hiding and looked up and down the road. The chickens picking at the late raspberry bushes in the farmer's yard craned their necks, blinked, and didn't swallow another berry for fully ten seconds. As to the ducks in the clump of mallows that caught the volley, they simply tumbled over and gave themselves up for dead.

The heroine of our little story, Lady Quackalina Blackwing, stayed in a dead faint for some time, and the first thing she knew when she "came to" was that she was lying under the farmer boy's coat in an old basket, and that there was a terrific rumbling in her ears and a sharp

pain in one wing, that Sir Sooty was nowhere in sight, and that she wanted her mother and all her relations.

But Quackalina had not long to feel lonely. Almost any boy who has shot a duck walks home with it pretty fast, and this boy nearly ran. He would have run if his legs hadn't been so fat.

The first sound that Quackalina heard when they reached the gate was the quacking of a thousand ducks. The boy lived on a duck farm, and it was here that he had brought her.

And here, for a long time, little Quackalina was a very sad duck. She loved her cousin, Sir Sooty, and she loved pink mallow blossoms. She liked to eat the "mummy" fish alive, and not cooked with sea-weed, as the farmer fed them to her.

But most of all she missed Sir Sooty. And so, two weeks later, when her wing was nearly well, in its new drooping shape, what was her joy when he himself actually waddled into the farmyard—into her very presence—without a single quack of warning. The feathers of one of his beautiful wings were clipped, but he was otherwise looking quite well, and he hastened to tell her that he was happy, even in exile, to be with her again. And she believed him.

Indeed, they decided to try to make the best of farm life and to settle down. So they began meandering about on long waddles—or waddling about on long meanders—all over the place, hunting for a cozy hiding-place for a nest. For five whole days they hunted before Quackalina finally settled down into the hollow that she declared

was "just a fit" for her, under the edge of the old shanty where the Pekin feathers were stored.

It was, indeed, very well hidden, and, as if to make it still more secure, a friendly golden-rod sprang up quite in front of it, and a growth of pepper-grass kindly closed in one side.

The home-nest had been made. There were ten beautiful eggs in it — all polished and shining like opals. And the early golden-rod that stood on guard before it was sending out a first yellow spray when troubles began to come.

Quackalina thought she had laid twice as many as ten eggs in the nest, but she could not be quite sure, and neither could Sir Sooty, though he thought so, too. Certain it is, however, that when Quackalina finally decided to be satisfied to begin sitting, there were exactly ten eggs in the nest — just enough for her to cover well with her warm down and feathers.

Quackalina's breast was filled with a gentle content as she sat, day by day, behind the golden-rod, and blinked and reflected and listened for the dear "paddle, paddle" of Sir Sooty's feet, and his loving "qua', qua'" — a sort of caressing talk that he had adopted in speaking to her ever since she had begun her long sitting.

Quackalina was a patient little creature, and seldom left her nest, so that when she did so for a short walk in the glaring sun, she was apt to be dizzy and to see strange spots before her eyes. But this would all pass away when she got back to her cozy nest in the cool shade.

But one day it did not pass away — it got worse, or, at least, she thought it did. Instead of ten eggs in the nest

she seemed to see twenty, and they were of a strange, dull color, and their shape seemed all wrong. She blinked her eyes, and even rubbed them with her web-feet, so that she might not see double, but it was all in vain. Before her dazzled eyes twenty little pointed eggs lay, and when she sat upon them they felt strange to her breast. But she only sighed and closed her eyes, and, keeping her fears to herself, hoped that the trouble was all in her eyes indeed—or her liver.

Now the sad part of this tale is that the trouble was not with poor little Quackalina's eyes at all. It was in the nest. The same farmer's boy who had kept her sitting of eggs down to ten by taking out one every day until poor Quackalina's patience was worn out—this boy it was who had now chosen to take her ten beautiful eggs and put them under a guinea-hen, and to fetch the sitting of twenty guinea eggs for Quackalina to hatch out.

He did this just because, as he said, "That old black duck'll hatch out as many eggs again as a guinea-hen will, an' the guinea'll cover her ten eggs easy. I'm goin' to swap 'em." And "swap 'em" he did. Nobody knows how the guinea-hen liked her sitting, for none but herself and the boy knew where her nest was hidden in a pile of old rubbish down by the cow-pond.

When a night had passed, and a new day showed poor Quackalina the twenty little eggs actually under her breast—eggs so little that she could roll two at once under her foot—she did not know what to think. But like many patient people when great sorrows come, she kept very still and never told her fears.

Sitting-time, after this, seemed very long to Quackalina, but after a while she began to know by various little stirrings under her downy breast that it was almost over. At the first real movement against her wing she felt as if everything about her was singing and saying, "mother! mother!" and bowing to her.

Even the pepper-grass nodded and the golden-rod, and careless roosters as they passed seemed to lower their combs to her and to forget themselves, just for a minute. And a great song was in her bosom — a great song of joy — and although the sound that came from her beautiful coral bill was only a soft "qua,' qua,'" to common ears, to those who have the finest hearing it was full of a heavenly tenderness.

But there was a tremor in it, too — a tremor of fear; and the fear kept her from looking down even when she knew a little head was thrusting itself up through her great warm wing. She drew the wing as a caressing arm lovingly about it though, and saying to herself, "I must wait till they are all come; then I'll look," she gazed upward at the moon that was just showing a rim of gold over the hay-stack — and closed her eyes.

There was no sleep that long night for little mother Quackalina. It was a great, great night. Under her breast, wonderful happenings every minute; outside, the white moonlight; and always in sight across the yard, just a dark object against the ground — Sir Sooty, sound asleep, like a philosopher!

Oh, yes, it was a great, great night. Its last hours before day were very dark and sorrowful, and by the time

a golden gleam shot out of the east Quackalina knew that her first glance into the nest must bring her grief. The tiny restless things beneath her brooding wings were chirping in an unknown tongue. But their wiry Japanesy voices, that clinked together like little copper kettles, were very young and helpless, and Quackalina was a true mother-duck, and her heart went out to them.

Little guineas are very beautiful, and when presently Quackalina found herself crossing the yard with her twenty dainty red-booted hatchlings, although she longed for her own dear, ugly, smoky, "beautiful" ducklings, she could not help feeling pleasure and pride in the exquisite little creatures that had stepped so briskly into life from beneath her own breast.

It was natural that she should have hurried to the pond with her brood. Wouldn't she have taken her own ducklings there? If these were only little "step-ducks," she was resolved that "they should never know the difference." She would begin by taking them in swimming.

When Quackalina reached the pond, she flapped her tired wings three times from pure gladness at the sight of the beautiful water. And then, plunging in, she took one delightful dive before she turned to the shore, and in the sweetest tones invited the little ones to follow her.

But they —

Well, they just looked down at their red satin boots and shook their heads. And then it was that Quackalina noticed their feet, and saw that they would never swim.

It was a great shock to her. She paddled along shore quite near them for a while, trying to be resigned to it,

And then she waddled out on the grassy bank, and fed them with some newts, and a tadpole, and a few blue-bottle flies, and a snail, and several other delicacies, which they seemed to enjoy quite as much as if they had been young ducks.

And then Quackalina, seeing them quite happy, struck out for the very middle of the pond. She would have one glorious outing, at least. Oh, how sweet the water was! How it soothed the tender spots under her weary wings! How it cooled her ears and her tired eyelids! And now—and now—and now—as she dived and dipped and plunged—how it cheered and comforted her heart! How faithfully it bore her on its cool bosom! For a few minutes, in the simple joy of her bath, she even forgot to be sorrowful.

And now comes the dear part of the troublous tale of this little black mother-duck—the part that is so pleasant to write—the part that it will be good to read.

When at last Quackalina, turning, said to herself, "I must go ashore now," she raised her eyes and looked before her to see just where she was. And then the vision she seemed to see was so strange and so beautiful that—well, she said afterwards that she never knew just how she bore it.

Just before her on the water, swimming easily on its trusty surface, were ten little ugly, smoky, "beautiful" ducks! Ten little ducks that looked precisely like every one of Quackalina's relations! And now they saw her and began swimming towards her. Before she knew it, Quackalina had flapped her great wings and quacked aloud three

times, and three times again! And she didn't know she was doing it, either.

She did know, though, that in less time than it has taken to tell it, her own ten beautiful ducks were close about her, and that she was kissing each one somewhere with her great red bill. And then she saw that upon the bank a nervous, hysterical guinea-hen was tearing along, and in a voice like a carving-knife screeching aloud with terror.

It went through Quackalina's bosom like a neuralgia, but she didn't mind it very much, and did not look back. And so it was that the beautiful thing that was happening on the bank, under her very eyes almost, never came to Quackalina's knowledge at all.

At the sound of the carving-knife voice — at its first note — there were twenty little pocket-knife answers from over the pond, and in a twinkling, twenty pairs of red satin boots were running as fast as they could go to meet the great speckled mother-hen, whose blady voice was the sweetest music in all the world to them.

When, after quite a long time, Quackalina began to realize things, and thought of the little guineas, she looked anxiously ashore for them, but not a red boot could she see. The whole delighted guinea family were at that moment having a happy time away off in the corn-field out of sight and hearing.

And now comes a very amusing thing in this story.

When this great, eventful day was passed, and Quackalina was sitting happily among the reeds with her dear ones under her wings, while Sir Sooty waddled proudly

around her, she began to tell him what happened, beginning at the time when she noticed that the eggs were wrong.

Sir Sooty listened very indulgently for a while, and then— it is a pity to tell it on him, but he actually burst out laughing, and told her, with the most patronizing quack in the world, that it was “all imagination.”

At this, Quackalina said that she would take him to the nest and show him the little pointed egg-shells. And she did take him there, too. Late that night, when all honest ducks, except somnambulists and such as have vindications on hand, were asleep, Quackalina led the way back to the old nest. But when she got there, although the clear, white moonlight lay upon everything and revealed every blade of grass, not a vestige of nest or straw or shell remained in sight! The farmer’s boy had cleared them all away.

By this time Quackalina began to be mystified herself, and after a while, seeing only her own ten ducks always near, and never sighting such a thing as little, flecked, red-booted guineas, she really came to doubt whether it had all happened or not.

Even to this day Quackalina is not quite sure. While she sits and blinks upon the bank among the mallows, with all her ugly “beautiful” children around her, she sometimes even yet wonders if the whole thing could have been a nightmare after all.

But it was no nightmare. It was every word true.

—*Ruth McEnery Stuart (Abridged).*

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Bonheur.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
 Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay;
 We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
 Röschen, there, was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
 How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell;
 Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her
 to me

When I rode north with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
 The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row
 after row.

The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind
 could be;
 But I kept longing, longing for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
 Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
 But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
 Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
 Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
 Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
 Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
 But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this rivershore:

The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road — Farmer Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on
this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses — every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen."

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the
floor;

Kentuck was in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called — "Kentucky!" She knew me
ever so far!

I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes — her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound,
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the
ground —

Coming into the turnpike, out from the White-Woman
Glen —

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,

As near they drew, and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip, in haste,
they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred
strong.

Weary they looked, and jaded, riding through night and
through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the west,
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance.
Bright were his eyes, like live coals, as he gave me a side-
ways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his
face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the
place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled —'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on
the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir — a fond mother's only son —
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the
boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through
and through;

Boasted and bragged like a trooper, but the big words
wouldn't do.

The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I, too, was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.

"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful
began to say;

Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was
gone,

Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will
Morgan say?"

But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from
the door—

The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers — the Michigan cavalry —
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly.
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had fol-
lowed day and night;

But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught
a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways —

Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,

And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening — kept him against his will —

But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky — you'll wonder to hear me tell —

But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead — my pretty gentle lass —
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;

And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying — I couldn't tell him why —
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it — 'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass —
A letter, sir, and the two were safe back in the old Blue-
Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty,
and well;

He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip
or spur.

Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

“ Since, then, all life is but a question of reciprocity, a giving and a receiving, why not let our contributions to the world about us be pleasant ones, our offerings an inspiration? Why not, indeed, so develop ourselves that even our unconscious contributions to life be those which add to the joy, not the gloom, of our friends? ”

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Prin was a dog which I had when I was a girl of about eleven. I loved him—O how I loved him! He was a spaniel, but small. I could carry him in my arms long after he was a puppy.

Prin was my grandfather's gift to me, and one of the dearest little dogs that any child ever had for pet and playfellow. A clever dog, too, as well as I can remember; but what I remember most is his goodness and affectionateness.

He was good with everybody, but especially good with me. He never deserved punishment, and he never got it. He never got anything but love in all his life — his happy little life. That is my consolation now.

Prin was almost the only companion I had. We were a quiet family, mother and I being often left alone for days together while father went off with the barge. Father was captain of one of those barges which trade on the River Medway, and we lived in a village on the river-side.

I never went anywhere without Prin except to school and to church — and even there he always trotted with me part of the way, and then trotted respectably back home again. Very often he came to meet me at dinner-time — he knew the hour quite well! He knew my father's hour of coming home, and generally went to meet him, too, a little way down the lane. He was a most polite little dog, and never omitted to go up and make his bow — that is, wag his tail — to every member of the family, whether they noticed him or not.

My father was never unkind to Prin; but he was a busy man, who did not care much for dogs or children. My mother, too — she did not trouble herself much about Prin — never talked to him or petted him. It was only I who loved him, and O how I loved him! While he was a puppy he almost lived in my arms, and when he grew up he was beside me all day long, and slept at night on my bed.

"There goes Jane with her dog at her heels," the family used to say — "Jane and Prin," — "Prin and Jane" — the two names seemed to run together, naturally, as we did ourselves.

Among the boys of the village were two rough fellows, the sons of the butcher. These boys were my special terror. They hunted the cats, teased the children, and were particularly cruel to the dogs. I once saw the biggest of them hold up a wretched half-starved cur by the tail till it howled with pain, and the impression of the sight never left my mind. Ever afterward, when I saw one of these boys in the distance, I used to snatch up my Prin and hide him under my pinafore. I think he himself almost understood the reason why, for he would cuddle up to me and lie quite still till the enemy had gone by. Perhaps some other dog, who had been ill-used by those brutal boys, had warned him against them.

Well, as I said, Prin had grown up, and I was a girl of eleven; but we were still happy together—as happy as the day was long. One unlucky night my father, coming in tired and hot, happened to stumble over Prin, who was lying asleep on the door-mat.

“What’s that good-for-nothing brute doing there?” said he. “As if I hadn’t mouths enough to fill, let alone a dog’s! And we shall be fined for him, too; for it’s getting near the dog-days, and we haven’t paid the tax. Missis”—he always called my mother “Missis”—“cannot you get rid of him somehow before Cleaver finds him out?”

“He’s the child’s pet, and he does nobody any harm,” said my mother. “Get away, Prin!” She gave him a little kick, not meaning any unkindness; but he wasn’t used to it and uttered a feeble howl. “Stop that noise, or I’ll make you!” said my father, angrily.

I snatched up Prin. I almost smothered him in my pinafore. "No, indeed, father; he does nobody any harm; and he eats very little — not nearly as much as I do."

"I should hope not! That would be too good a joke. But, little or much, he won't do it for long."

I looked up in alarm.

"No, child, I can't pay the dog-tax; and they've grown very strict about it lately. Besides, it's a sin and a shame to have to feed a dog that eats as much as a child. Make up your mind — Prin must go."

Poor father! he must have been very much vexed about something — something which I could not in the least understand — or he would not have spoken so sharply. And he turned away, not having the slightest idea, I am sure, of the effect his words had upon me. And he was no better next morning; he seemed to have "got up on the wrong side of the bed," as people say; and when I anxiously asked about poor Prin — for I had lain awake half the night thinking about him — he gave me a sharp answer.

"No, Jane." I knew he was very cross, or he would not have called me Jane, but Jennie. "I can't keep a dog, and I won't. Missis, when Cleaver comes round, tell him we can't afford to pay the tax, and don't mean to." "And what's to happen then?" asked my mother: for I was dumb with fear. "O, I suppose he'll take the dog and make way with him — give him to his boys, perhaps."

I shuddered; for Cleaver was the butcher, whose sons were the cruel lads whom all the village was afraid of. "O father — please, father!" I began, running after him in an agony of entreaty. But my mother called me back.

"Father's got quite enough to bother him without you. Can't you see that he's best let alone?"

So I did let him alone, and only sat in a corner crying quietly, with Prin on my lap, hid under my pinafore, raising himself, now and then, to put a paw on my shoulder or lick my cheek, as he always did when he thought I was unhappy. We sat together until mother told me it was time to get ready for school.

How I managed to do my lessons that day and the following, when my father was away with the barge, I cannot tell. I must have gone on in a sort of dream; for I know Prin was never out of my head the whole time.

I thought and thought — planning every conceivable way to get out of the difficulty, but could find none. I spoke to none of my school-fellows about it; indeed, I scarcely said a word to any one, except asking Fanny Cleaver if her father really had to collect the dog-tax, and what would he do when he could not get the money? To which she answered, as she did to most things — poor little broken-down creature! — "that she didn't know."

Mother, too — when I put to her the same question — gave me the same reply; but quite carelessly. She had much to do and to think of. Prin was of no importance to her. But to me — I have sometimes heard children say of a cat, a dog, or a horse, that they loved it "like a person"; and I think a child who takes a fancy to some special animal puts into this love a tenderness almost maternal; the dumbness, the helplessness of the creature, perhaps arouses it; but, whatever it is, the feeling is very strong — stronger than grown people have any idea of.

All these two days, during the hours I was at home, I never let Prin out of my sight; and when I went to school I locked him up in a tool-house we had at the bottom of the garden, where nobody would be likely to hear him bark; though he did not bark much, but seemed quite to understand that he was to lie concealed and must keep quiet. When I got home, I took him away with me into the wood behind our house; and there, while he played merrily about, hunted rabbits, and barked at the big bumble-bees, I thought and thought till I was sick with thinking.

What was I to do? I could not pay the tax. I had no money, and nothing to sell except my clothes, and if I did that my mother would have been very angry. Otherwise—O, I could have gone barefoot rather than part with my poor little Prin! He seemed to understand this—at any rate to know something was wrong with me. Never had he hung after my heels so closely, never jumped up and kissed me so often, as during those three dreadful days.

It was three days now: my father was to come home that night, and he came. He had evidently forgotten all about his annoyance, and all about Prin, whom I hid under my pinafore till I saw that father was quite merry and jolly; then I let him run about the kitchen as usual, and father said a kind word or two to him, which made me feel that all was right.

O how happy I was, and how happy was Prin! I remember, as if it were yesterday, all we did that evening; how we took a walk together down the village—how he ran after the geese on the common and the ducks in the

pond; he never did anything worse than run after them, being such a gentle little dog! When we came home father was asleep in his chair by the fire, so I sat down on the stool beside him, with Prin on my lap, who very soon went to sleep, too.

By and by father woke up, and pulled his ears, and said what a pretty dog he was. "You won't let him be sent away, then?" I entreated. Father laughed. "O, that's quite another matter, my little woman. I wouldn't do it if I was rich, like the Squire. Suppose you ask the Squire to take him—buy him, possibly, and I'll give you half the money to get yourself a new hat."

Sell Prin! Get myself a new hat with the money! The idea was horrible! "Well, well, don't cry. I hate to see little girls crying," said father, half vexed, half coaxing, and I stopped at once. Then mother called me off to bed and I had no time for another word.

But all the old misery had come back again. I lay awake hour after hour, sobbing quietly to myself, and racking my brain as to what I was to do with Prin. He didn't wake—he always slept like a top, as he did that night, only once stirring when, in my miserable restlessness, I moved my feet up and down, making a little sleepy bark, and settling down again, as contented as possible. He had such a happy life—my little Prin! Happy, I am glad to think, from beginning to end.

I woke next morning with a great weight on my heart. Father was going off again for the day, and before he went I was determined to speak. I was a good deal afraid of him, but for Prin's sake I could dare anything. So I

caught at his coat, after waiting till the very last minute. "Father, what about Prin?"

"How, child? O, the tax — and Cleaver will be round to-morrow. He told me so. Yes, that's the last day. He must have the money or the dog. And he won't get the money, so the dog must go."

I burst out crying. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Anything you like, only don't bother me; I'm bothered enough. Sell him or give him away, or tie a stone to him and drown him, which would get him out of all trouble, anyhow. But I won't keep him — the dog must go."

"O father, father!" I entreated, hanging on to his coat-tails; but he had now got thoroughly vexed. He threw me off, and I fell with my head against the door-post. Either the blow or the grief so stupefied me that I lay there ever so long, and remember nothing till I woke up with Prin licking my face and hands. I took him into my arms and I cried — O how I cried!

Mother found me by and by, and sent me off to school. I suppose she thought it best for me, though she looked a little sorry. "There's no use making a fuss about the dog," said she; "what father says he means; you know that. Poor Prin's a good little fellow," and she stopped to pat him. "But for all that it's quite true he eats as much as a child, and he's rather a bother; he'd better go. There's dogs enough in the world — rather too many."

Perhaps, but all the other dogs were nothing to me. I had only my Prin. My heart was almost broken. I don't

remember much about that day. I must have said my lessons in a sort of dream, or not said them at all, for I know I was punished, and kept in after school hours, which added to my misery by delaying my return home. Otherwise I did not feel it—indeed, I felt nothing at all, except that this was the last day—the very last day—when I should have my poor little Prin.

What was to become of him? Would he be taken away, and killed at once, or treated unkindly, and made so miserable that he would be better dead than alive? Every cruel act of those rough butcher boys came into my mind. What might not happen to Prin if he fell into their hands, and I away, and ignorant of what was being done to him! The idea was agonizing.

My poor dog! how was I to save him? My father's idea about the Squire's taking him flashed across my mind. The little ladies at the Hall were fond of dogs. I might give him away to them. He would be safe and happy; and as for me—well, it did not much matter. I might ask permission to come and see him now and then. So I made up my mind, and ran off as fast as I could to the Lodge gates. They were shut, and the gardener's wife told me the family had just gone abroad for six months. So my last hope failed.

There was no one else to give him to. Not a soul in our long village was rich enough to keep him, or pay the tax for him. Evidently my poor Prin was—like many another creature—one too many in this sorrowful world. Yet he looked so happy, so unconscious, frisking about merrily in the hayfields we passed through; perfectly content with the present, and fearless of the future—having

never in all his life known any ill treatment. And now—Those Cleaver boys! The thought of them, and of Prin in their hands, nearly drove me wild. How was I to save him? Suddenly my father's words—meaningless words I now know they were—came into my head. "Tie a stone to him and drown him. That would take him out of all trouble." So it would. It should be done, and I would do it myself.

Whether the act was wrong or right I never stopped to think. And how I ever made up my mind to do it I could not tell then, nor can I now. I only know I did make up my mind—the one thought in me being to save my dog from suffering.

No delay was possible, for had not my father said Cleaver was to come next day? Prin might be taken away quite early—even before I was up in the morning; so I must do it over-night. But it was a dreadful thing to do alone! Suppose he should resist? Suppose he did not want to be drowned? I shuddered, but tried not to think. No use thinking. It must be done. It was growing dark, and I was half afraid, and yet half wishful, that he might slip from me, run away, and get himself lost. But he did not. He kept close to my heels until I took him up in my arms again, which he did not quite like, but submitted. He was as gentle as a lamb with me always.

We walked a long way—half a mile, I think it is—by the river-side, to a bridge I knew of. The Medway is a large and rapid stream, and hereabouts the water ran especially fast and deep. It sparkled and glistened all rosy with the sunset. I put my hand into it, and it felt

almost warm. It would not hurt him so very much to be drowned, not near so much as other things which might happen—things which I had heard were done to wretched dogs by the Cleaver boys.

The sunset faded, the stars began to peep out: but I did not feel frightened, as I sometimes was in the dark. Indeed, I seemed to feel nothing except the little warm, soft bundle I carried in my arms, close to my heart.

Arrived at the bridge I sat down, very tired, half asleep; at least it seemed like sleepiness, for all things grew indistinct to me except the one thing I had come to do. Prin was sleepy, too, for it was his natural bedtime. If only we could have gone to sleep, both together, and woke up the next morning to find all was a bad dream! Or — never woke again. But I roused myself, for the light was going every minute, and I had to find a big stone—the biggest I could—and tie it as tight as I possibly could with a piece of strong cord, which I had put in my pocket.

I had thought Prin might have given me some trouble, but he did not. He lay all the time in my lap, quite quiet; only turning once or twice to lick my hand. I fastened the cord firmly round his neck; then I took him in my arms, close and tight, and rolled on the ground in the agony of my grief. I kissed him over and over again—his back and his silky ears, and even his poor little dusty paws, as if begging him to forgive me, then I carried him up to the middle arch of the bridge, where the river was deepest and the stars were shining on the water, kissed him once more and dropped him in.

He must have sunk at once, for, except that single

splash, I never heard a sound. Beyond the first minute, I am sure, quite sure, he did not suffer the smallest pain.

It was quite dark night when I got home, and my parents had been seriously anxious about me. Father was just going out to search for me, when mother called out, "Jane's here."

"Jane — alone? and where's Prin? Why didn't Prin come and meet me to-night as usual?" said my father, kindly. Then I spoke — though my voice sounded so strange it hardly seemed like mine, even to myself. "Prin will never come to meet you again, father. He's drowned!"

"Drowned! Who drowned him?"

"I did it myself. You said it would be best. It was the only way to save him from those Cleaver boys."

"You did it yourself?"

"I wasn't likely to let anybody else do it. Yes, I did it my own self — off the bridge, this evening."

"O, my poor little girl!"

I did not notice anything very much just then, for I felt like a stone, but I did observe that he dropped back again in his arm-chair, and put his hand over his eyes. Never but that once — except on the day of mother's funeral — did I see father cry. He had spoken in haste, not meaning half he said, and now that it was all over, and it was too late, his grief was almost as sharp as my own. Sharper, perhaps, for he had caused mine, which, indeed, I was obliged to hide in order to comfort him a little.

He brought me half a dozen puppies to choose from, and would have given me any dog I liked; but I wanted none. I could never love another dog.

— *Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik.*

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through the great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking with merciless squalls
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout
As the apples and oranges trundled about,
And the urchins, who stand with their thievish eyes
Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the fields it went, blustering and hum-
ming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It tossed the colts' manes all over their brows,
And pulled by their tails the matronly cows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood suddenly mute.
So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.

It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.

Through the forest it roared and cried gayly, "Now,
 You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
 And it made them bow without mo:e ado,
 And cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
 Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
 And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
 There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their
 caps,
 To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
 The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
 And the hens crept to rest in a terrified crowd;
 There was raising of ladders and logs laying on,
 When the thatch of the roof threatened soon to be
 gone.

But the wind had passed on and had met in a lane
 With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain,
 For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he
 stood

With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.
 There was a poor man, hoary and old,
 Cutting the heath in the open wold;
 The strokes of his bill were faint and few
 Ere this frolicsome wind upon him blew,
 But behind him, before him, about him it came,
 And the breath seemed gone from his feeble frame.

So he sat him down, with a muttering tone,
 Saying, "Plague on the wind! Was the like ever
 known?"

But nowadays every wind that blows
Tells me how weak an old man grows.”
But away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it is far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ship felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro;
But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds’ rock, in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think in its fearful fun
How little of mischief it had done.

— *William Howitt.*

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A crane once came upon a wolf in the agonies of strangulation caused by a bone stuck fast in his throat. Seeing the crane, however, the wolf managed with great difficulty to articulate a prayer for help, promising a handsome reward in case she should afford relief. Whereupon, the kind-hearted bird thrust her head well into the wolf’s mouth and with her long bill extracted the troublesome bone. Then she modestly asked for the promised reward.

But the wolf merely glared upon her, and with a vicious snap of his wicked teeth, replied: “What greater reward could you ask for your services? Surely, is it not enough that you have had your head in a wolf’s mouth and have drawn it safely out again?”



BENJAMIN WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST.

It was in the year 1738, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, that people told one another that a baby boy had arrived at the home of Friend West of whom the Quaker preacher had prophesied great things.

This little lad was Benjamin West, the first American artist of any note, and his first picture was made when he was but six years old. It happened in this way:

One warm day his mother left his little sister Sally in his care, giving him a fan with which to keep the flies away while the baby slept. As he moved the fan softly to and fro, a sweet smile crept over the little face, thrilling the heart of the beauty-loving child beside the cradle and causing him to wish that it might last forever.

Intent on preserving that lovely smile, he quickly snatched pen, ink, and paper, and drew a likeness of little Sally, half-afraid that he might be doing something wrong in thus stealing the baby's picture and putting it upon paper.

This feeling was no doubt due to his home training. His parents were Friends—or Quakers—and, like other Quakers of that austere period, looked upon pictures as a species of vanity, and would not allow them upon the walls of their homes. Hence, it was a trembling little hand that held the picture when his mother entered the room.

Mrs. West looked at the sketch a moment in silence, and then took the astonished little artist tenderly in her arms and praised his work which, crude as it was, she had instantly recognized as a likeness of baby Sally.

As little Benjamin grew older, he loved every form of nature and never wearied in his attempts to draw pictures of men, women, and children; of clouds, mountains and trees; of horses, sheep and cattle, although he had but a piece of chalk to work with and was obliged to make his drawings upon the barn door or upon a chance piece of board.

In those days, Indians often came to Springfield, and they and little Ben became great friends. He gave them pictures of birds, flowers, and fruits, and sometimes made pictures of themselves, including their feathers, bows, arrows, and tomahawks. All of this pleased these dusky sons of the forest so much that they gave him some of their red and yellow paints and taught him all they knew about mixing the simple colors which they used in their crude decorations.

To this stock, his mother added a piece of indigo; and this was the boy's sole outfit for working in colors, for he still had no brush. However, he supplied the need by manufacturing brushes from hair which he clipped from the cat's soft coat. This was hard on poor Puss; but "necessity knows no law," and genius burned in the busy brain of the embryo artist impelling him to new efforts.

Fortunately for the family cat, a wealthy merchant friend of the Wests came to the house to make a visit. Himself a good Quaker, he was astonished to see the walls decorated with pictures of birds and flowers and Indian chiefs.

"Why, Friend West," exclaimed the wealthy Philadelphian, "what hath possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where didst thee get them?"

Then it was explained to the guest that they were all made by little Ben with pieces of red and yellow paints and a bit of indigo, laid on with brushes made by himself from the cat's fur.

"Verily," then said Friend Pennington, "the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our Friends would look upon this as a too worldly accomplishment; but Benjamin was born a painter, and Providence is surely wiser than we."

Then came better times for the little artist. Mr. Pennington became his steadfast friend. From Philadelphia he sent the boy a package containing artist's paints of many colors, brushes of various sizes, squares of suitable canvas, and some beautiful engravings of landscapes to serve as copies.

These were the first pictures that Benjamin had ever seen except those of his own making, and who shall say what a tumult they stirred in that little Quaker boy's breast?

In the morning he hurried to the little garret room that served as his studio and painted every moment until bed-time, hardly taking time for necessary food. Nor could he sleep unless his beloved paint-box was safe under his pillow.

Out of this tireless enthusiasm grew a beautiful landscape which he had made by copying parts of two of the engravings. Grass, trees, water, and sky, houses, sunshine, and shadow, all were there, painted in their proper colors. It was really a wonderful piece of work for one so young, and so wholly untaught, to accomplish.

At the age of sixteen he painted "The Death of Socrates" for a resident of Lancaster, and filled several

orders for portraits given by country patrons. Thus early did he overcome the scruples of the staid community against painting; thus early did he convince these quiet people that the expression of thought and sentiment, by means of the brush, is a Divine gift not to be scorned or set aside.

A very curious incident happened while he was attending school at Philadelphia. He was confined to his bed by illness, and one day was lying upon his back, looking up at the ceiling of his darkened room. Suddenly the form of a cow moved slowly across the ceiling over his head; and when the cow faded from sight, several pigs trotted across the space and disappeared among the shadows at the farther side.

Much bewildered by what he had seen, he told his attendants about it. They, never having had such an experience, thought the whole thing but a creation of his imagination and believed him delirious.

When left alone again, Benjamin determined to solve the mystery, and accordingly began to examine the window shutters, finding, at length, a crevice that admitted a ray of light which fell upon the ceiling.

The pictures he had seen came into the darkened chamber through this chink and became visible upon the ceiling over Benjamin's head where rested the ray of light. And from this simple occurrence, he discovered the important secret of the *camera obscura*, so useful in the world of art.

At last came the time when this Quaker lad must make serious choice of an occupation for life. He, himself, had but the one desire—to be a painter. This being so foreign

to the usual thought and practice of the community, a meeting of the elders was called to settle the matter.

After a long and serious discussion they — sensible men that they were! — decided that Providence had bestowed upon Benjamin rare gifts which would be wasted in any other calling than that of an artist. "I see the Divine hand in this," said John Williamson, who spoke for the Society; "we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth."

Then the elders laid their hands upon Benjamin's head and gave him their blessing; the women committed him to the direction of God; and the Society consented that he should be a painter and study the best pictures at home and abroad. And so, in 1756, when he was eighteen, he went to Philadelphia to study art, and two years later, to New York.

In 1760, he was offered a free passage to Italy, and gladly accepted. In Rome some noted dignitaries, wishing to astonish the young American, took him to see the Apollo Belvidere. But they were the ones most astonished, for young West unconsciously exclaimed, "A young Mohawk warrior!"

Indignant at this remark, it required a glowing description of the perfection of form and the absolute freedom, grace, and ease of movement natural to a young Mohawk chief, to convince the Italians of the justness of the criticism.

After studying the great masters for three years in Italy, he started for America by way of England. That country had, at that period, no historical painters of note, and gave to West such a friendly reception that he determined to make England his home.



Benjamin West.

DEATH OF WOLFE.

He, at first, had but little patronage, as only the great masters were then in favor. However, it was not long before his paintings from classical and historical subjects procured him the favor of the Archbishop of York, who presented the artist to King George III., with whom he at once found favor.

"The Death of Wolfe" was painted for the King, and became immediately famous because West refused to follow the custom of the day in clothing the figures in the painting. Instead of putting the soldiers and Indians who figured therein, into the Greek or Roman costumes demanded by the taste and practice of the day, he defied custom and painted the actors in their own proper garb.

This was a daring act in the young American artist and caused a hubbub in art circles; even the great Sir Joshua Reynolds vainly tried to dissuade him from his purpose. After the picture was completed, Sir Joshua stood long before it, studying it in detail, and at the close of half an hour or more, remarked: "West has conquered; he has treated the subject as it ought to be treated; it will cause a revolution in art."

In course of time, fame came and West was made head painter to the King. He was one of the chief movers in getting the Royal Academy established, and became its second president.

Although he painted many portraits and pictures of all kinds, his favorite themes seemed to be those chosen from Biblical history. His famous picture, "Christ Healing the Sick," sold for fifteen thousand dollars, and from the proceeds of the replica made for the Pennsylvania Hospital



Benjamin West.
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PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.
By Permission of The Perry Pictures Co., Boston, Mass.

in Philadelphia, the building was enlarged to accommodate thirty more sick people.

West was a man of tireless industry and painted more than four hundred pictures. Among those owned in the United States are his "Death on the Pale Horse," "Paul and Barnabas," and his well-known "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

A general evenness of quality distinguishes all his work, rather than the marks of striking originality, and all his paintings have a clean, pure tone like the character of their creator. His disposition was most unselfish and generous; and to the younger American art students who crossed to England he gave assistance of every kind without hesitation or grudging.

In 1765, the father of Benjamin West escorted his son's sweetheart from Pennsylvania to England, and the young couple then entered upon the happy married life which lasted for more than half a century. When his wife died, in 1817, the artist's strength began to fail, and in 1820, with faculties unimpaired, he closed his eyes upon earth and was laid peacefully to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, held in the highest esteem not only by the artists and people of his native land, but by his contemporaries in Europe as well.

Throughout his long life he retained the sobriety and simplicity learned among the Quakers during his first twenty years. And surely the story of his life is like a fairy tale. For no stranger transformation can well be imagined than changing a little unknown Quaker lad into the foremost English painter of his day.

Mary Bingham Myers (Adapted).

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
 Clasped by the golden light of morn,
 Like the sweetheart of the sun,
 Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
 Deeply ripened; such a blush
 In the midst of brown was born,
 Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell —
 Which were blackest none could tell;
 But long lashes veiled a light
 That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
 Made her tressy forehead dim;
 Thus she stood amid the stooks,
 Praising God with sweetest looks.

“Sure,” I said, “Heaven did not mean
 Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
 Lay they sheaf adown and come,
 Share my harvest and my home!”

— *Thomas Hood.*

The optimist cannot fall back, cannot falter, for he knows his neighbor will be hindered by his failure to keep in line. He will, therefore, hold his place fearlessly and remember the duty of silence. Sufficient unto each heart is its own sorrow.

— *Helen Keller.*

THE MILKING-MAID.



Edwin Douglas.

The year stood at its equinox,
 And bluff the north was blowing,
 A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
 Green hardy things were growing;
 I met a maid with shining locks
 Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,
 Her bare arm showed its dimple,
 Her apron spread without a speck,
 Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
 And sang a country ditty,—
 An innocent fond lovers' tale,
 That was not wise nor witty,
 Pathetically rustic,
 Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
 As true as church-bell ringers,
 Unless she tapped time with her feet,
 Or squeezed it with her fingers;
 Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
 As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
 Stood silent for a minute,
 To eye the pail, and creamy white
 The frothing milk within it;—

To eye the comely milking-maid,
 Herself so fresh and creamy.
 “Good day to you!” at last, I said;
 She turned her head to see me;
 “Good day!” she said, with lifted head;
 Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
 The grave cow heavy-laden;
 I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
 But not a sweeter maiden,—
 But not a sweeter, fresher maid
 Than this in homely cotton,
 Whose pleasant face and silky braid
 I never have forgotten.

—*Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

ROBIN REDBREAST'S MESSAGE.
A CHRISTMAS STORY.

PART I.

"I wish your cheerfulness were a little better timed, my friend," remarked a tortoise, who for many years had inhabited the garden of an English suburban villa, to a robin redbreast who was trilling a merry note from a thorn-tree in the shrubbery. "What in the world are you singing about at this time of year, when I am trying to go to sleep and forget myself?"

"I beg your pardon, I am sure," replied the robin; "I did not know it would disturb you."

"You must be gifted with very small powers of observation then, my friend," rejoined the tortoise. "Here have I been grubbing my head under the leaves and sticks half the morning, to make myself a comfortable hole to take a nap in; and always, just as I am dropping off, you set up one of your senseless pipes."

"You are not over-troubled with politeness, good sir, I think," observed the robin; "to call my performance by such an offensive name; and to find fault with me for want of observation, is the most unreasonable thing in the world. This is the first season I have lived in the garden, and never before have you objected to my singing. How was I to know you would dislike it now?"

"Your own sense might have told you as much," persisted the tortoise. "Of course, it's natural enough, and not disagreeable, to hear you little birds singing round the place, when there is something to sing about. It rather raises

one's spirits than otherwise. But now, when the fruits and flowers are gone, and there is not even a dandelion that I care to eat; and when it gets colder and colder, and damper and damper every day, this affectation of merriment on your part is both ridiculous and hypocritical. It is impossible that you can feel happy yourself, and you have no business to pretend to it."

"But, begging your pardon once more, good sir; I do feel happy, whatever you may think to the contrary," answered the robin.

"What, do you mean to say that you like the cold, and damp, and bare trees with scarcely a berry upon them?"

"I like warm, sunny days better," replied the robin, "if I am obliged to think about it and make comparisons. But why should I do so? I am quite comfortable as it is. If there is not so much variety of food as there has been, there is, at any rate, enough for every day, and everybody knows that enough is as good as a feast. For my part, I don't see how I can help being contented."

"Contented! what a dull idea, to be just contented! I am contented myself, after a fashion; but you are trying to seem happy, and that is a very different sort of thing."

"Well, why not happy, too?" insisted the robin.

"That must be then because you know nothing of what is coming," suggested the tortoise. "When the ground has become so hard that the worms cannot come through, or your beak get at them, what will you do?"

"Are you sure that will ever happen?" inquired the robin.

"Oh! certainly, in the course of the winter; and, indeed, it may happen any day now, which makes me anxious to be asleep and out of the way of the disagreeable time to come."

"Oh, well, if it happens now, I shall not mind a bit," cried the robin; "there are plenty of berries left!"

"But supposing it should happen when all the berries are gone?" said the tortoise, actually teased at not being able to frighten the robin out of his singing propensities.

"Nay, but if it comes to supposing," exclaimed the robin, "I shall suppose it won't, and still be happy."

"But I say it may happen," shouted the tortoise.

"And I ask, will it?" rejoined the hopeful robin.

"Which you know I cannot answer," retorted the tortoise again. "Nobody knows exactly either about the weather or the berries beforehand."

"Then nobody should be troubled beforehand," persisted the robin. "If we could prevent or provide, it would be different. As it is, we have nothing to do but to enjoy the comfort each day brings." So saying, the robin flew from the thorn-tree to another part of the grounds, where he could sing without interruption; and the tortoise began to turn over the leaves and rubbish again, with a view to taking his nap.

But the autumnal mists gradually cleared off; and when the sun came out in the early afternoon, the day became really fine. The old tortoise did not fail to discover the fact, and came out of the shrubbery and took a turn in the sunshine, saying to himself, "This is indeed a surprise. It is very pleasant, but I am afraid it will not

last, the more's the pity; however, I shall not go to bed just yet."

With these words, he waddled slowly along to the kitchen garden, where he was in the habit of occasionally basking under the brick wall; and tilting himself up sideways against it, he passed an hour much to his satisfaction, in exposing his horny coat to the rays of the sun.

Meanwhile, the poor little robin continued his songs in a retired corner of the grounds. During the pauses of his music, and especially after the sun came out, he wondered much to himself about all the strange, uncomfortable things the tortoise had said. If he had not been afraid the tortoise might consider him intrusive, he would have gone back to tell him how warm and pleasant it was; but absolutely he dared not.

Still, he could not, on reflection, shut his eyes to the fact, that there were no other songsters in the grove just then except himself, and he wondered what was the reason. Was it possible that all the world was really, as the tortoise said, thinking it wise to go to sleep and be out of the way? The robin got almost alarmed and flew about until he met a blackbird, whom he asked why he had left off singing. The blackbird glanced at him with astonishment.

"Who does sing in the dismal autumn and winter?" said he. "Your own persevering chirruping is, in my humble judgment, so out of character with a season in which every wise creature must be apprehensive for the future, that I can only excuse it on the ground of an ignorance and levity which you have had no opportunity of correcting."

"It would be kinder to attribute it to a cheerful contentment with whatever comes to pass," cried the robin, ruffling his feathers as he spoke. "I rejoice in each day's blessing as it comes, and never wish for more than does come. You wish the present to be better than it is, and fear that the future may be worse; meanwhile you lose all enjoyment of the hour that now is. To me that seems both foolish and ungrateful!" With these words the robin flew away, feeling conscious that he was rather a young bird to be setting other people right. He had been insulted, there was no doubt; but when people feel themselves in the right, what need is there of ruffling feathers and being saucy? And the robin did honestly feel himself in the right; but the dark suggestions of the tortoise and the blackbird would steal back into his heart unawares, undermining the principle that seemed so steady before.

Certain it is, that the robin drooped in spirits as the winter advanced. He sang every day, it is true, but he was decidedly disturbed in mind, and the colder the days became, the more he became depressed, and was almost ready to weep at the thought of the days when the ground was to be so hard that the worms could not come out, or his beak reach them.

PART II.

But robins are brave-hearted little fellows, and one bright day our friend went to talk the matter over with an old wood-lark that frequented a thicket at a considerable distance off. On his way thither, he heard several larks singing high up in the sky over the fields; and by the

time he reached the thicket he was in excellent spirits, and seemed to have left all his megrims behind.

It was fortunate such was the case, for when he heard the wood-lark's note, it was so plaintive and low, that it would have made anybody weep to listen to it. And the wood-lark confided to his new acquaintance that, although he thought it right to sing and be thankful as long as there was a bit of comfort left, he was not happy, since he was always expecting to die some day of having nothing at all to eat. "For," said he, "when the snow is on the ground, it is a perfect chance if one finds a morsel of food all day long."

"But I thought you had lived here several seasons," suggested the robin, now quite himself again.

"So I have," murmured the wood-lark, with a sigh.

"And you did not die of having nothing to eat, last winter?" observed the robin.

"It appears not," ejaculated the wood-lark, as gravely as possible, and with another sigh; whereat the robin found it impossible not to smile at the wood-lark's solemn way of admitting that he was alive.

"Nor the winter before?" asked he.

"No," murmured the wood-lark again.

"Nor the winter before that?" said the saucy robin.

"Well, no; of course not," answered the wood-lark, somewhat impatiently, "because I am here, as you see."

"Then how did you manage when the snow came, and there was no food?" inquired the robin.

"I never told you there was actually no food in those other winters," answered the wood-lark, somewhat peev-

ishly. "Little bits of things did accidentally turn up always. But that is no proof that it will ever happen again."

"Ah, my venerable friend," cried the robin, "have you no confidence in the kind chance that has befriended you so often before? And when that kind chance brings you one comfortable day after another, why should you sadden them all by these fears for by-and-by?"

"It is a weakness, I believe," replied the wood-lark. "I will see what I can do towards enjoying myself more. You are a very wise little robin; and that sort of wisdom will keep you happy all the year round." Here she rose into the air, and performed several circling flights, singing vigorously all the time.

"That is better already," cried the robin, gaily; "and for my part, if I ever feel dull again, I shall think of what you told me just now of all the past winters; namely, that little bits of things did always accidentally turn up. What a comforting fact!"

So saying, the robin trilled out a pleasant farewell, and returned to the shrubbery-grounds, where, in an ivy-covered wall, he had found for himself a snug little winter's home. And there, during the ensuing week, while the robin was in his blithest mood, the tortoise once more accosted him.

At first the robin was startled, and feared another scolding, but he was quite mistaken. The old tortoise was sitting by an opening in the ground, which he had scratched out very cleverly with his claws in a corner among some stones which had lain there for years. The

wind had drifted a vast quantity of leaves in that direction, and the place looked like a warm underground bed.

"Hop down to me, little bird," was the tortoise's address, in a quite friendly voice; an order with which the robin at once complied. "Ah, you need not be afraid," continued the tortoise, as the robin alighted by his side. "I am quite happy now. See what a comfortable place I have made myself here in the earth. There, there, put your head in and peep. Did you ever see anything so snug in your life?"

The robin peered in and really admired the tortoise's ingenious labor very much, readily agreeing that a more comfortable winter's bed could not be wished for.

"Who wouldn't go to sleep?" cried the tortoise. "Pardon me," he added; "you do not care to sleep through the winter. Well, well, yours is a pleasant folly, after all. This is a nice bed, isn't it? I really called you here to ask you to remember me in the spring; if—that is, of course—you survive the terrible weather that is coming. You don't mind my having been somewhat cross the other day, do you? You will forgive and forget, won't you, little bird?"

The kind-hearted robin protested his affectionate feeling in a thousand pretty ways.

"Then come in the spring," added the tortoise; "sit on the laurel-bush, and sing me awake. Not till the days are mild, and the plants get juicy, of course, but as soon as you please then. And now, good-bye. There's a strange feeling in the air to-day, and before many hours are over there will be snow and frost. Again, good-bye." Then the old tortoise huddled away into the interior of his hole,

and the drifting leaves completely choked up the entrance of the place.

He had been right in his prognostications of the weather. A thick, gloomy, raw evening was succeeded by a bitterly cold night, and towards morning the over-weighted clouds began to discharge themselves of some of their snow. The flakes got heavier and heavier; no sunshine came out to melt them, and a biting frost set in; the country was soon covered with a winding-sheet of white. And now, indeed, began a severe trial of the robin's patience and hope. It is easy to boast while the sun still shines, if only a little; but it is not till the storm comes that one's real mettle is known.

"There are berries left yet," said he, as he went out to seek for food, and found a holly-tree, red with its beautiful fruit. And, after he had eaten, he poured out a song of joy and thankfulness into the cold, wintry sky, and finally retreated under his ivy-bush at night, happy and contented as before.

But that terrible storm lasted for weeks without much intermission. Many other birds besides himself came to the holly-tree for berries, which disappeared, first from one branch, and then from another; but still the robin sang on. He poured out his little song of thanks after every meal. That was his rule. Other birds jeered at him sometimes, but did not change him. He had brought his bravery, and his patience, and his hope into the field against whatever troubles might arise, and a few foolish jests did not trouble a spirit so strung up to cheerful endurance.

"I shall sing the old tortoise awake yet," said he,

many and many a time, thinking happily of the spring that would one day come, bringing its mild days and its juicy plants, and its thousand pleasant delights.

The long period of stormy weather ceased at last, and a fortnight ensued, which gave much more liberty to the birds, and, also, a greater amount of food. The robin was so delighted with the change, that he half hoped the winter was over; and he sat in the laurel-tree by the tortoise's cave, and poured out long ditties of anticipative delight. But the bitterest storm of all was yet in store — the storm of disappointed hope.

PART III

Oh, heavy clouds, why did you hang so darkly over the earth just before the Christmas season? Oh, winter, why did you make the fields so white again, and the trees so laden with snow-wreaths, and the waters so frozen and immovable, just when all human beings wanted to rejoice and be glad? Did you come — perhaps you did! — to rouse to tender pity and compassionate love the hearts of all who wished to welcome the blessed Christmas-tide with hosannas of joy? Surely, thus may the bitter cold, and the trying weather of a biting, snowy Christmas, be read. Surely, it calls aloud to every one, that now is the moment for clothing the naked, for feeding the hungry, and for comforting the afflicted.

Heavily, heavily, heavily, the snow came down. There were two days in which the robin never left his ivy-covered hole, but hunger drove him, at last, to the holly-tree by the little gate. Was it his fancy, or was the tree really much



ROBIN-REDBREAST.

smaller than before? He hopped from one white branch to another, and fancied that large pieces were gone. He peered under and over, but nowhere, nowhere, nowhere, could a single berry be found!

The robin flew about the grounds in distress, and finally caught sight of a heap of holly, laurel, and bay branches laid together to be carried up to the house to decorate its walls. He picked a few of the berries—ripe, red berries, such as he had gathered but lately from the tree; and then came the gardener and carried the whole away.

The disappointed bird flew after the man as he walked, and never left him until he disappeared with his load into the house. Its unfriendly doors closed against the little wanderer, and no one within knew of the wistful eyes which had watched the coveted food out of sight.

"I have eaten; let me be thankful," was the robin's resolute remark, as he flew away from the house and returned to the holly-tree, so lately his store-house of hope, and from its stripped and barren branches he poured out, as before, his lay of glad thanksgiving for what he had had.

Not a breath of wind was blowing, not a leaf stirred; not a movement of any kind took place, save when some overloaded branch dropped part of its weight of snow on the ground below, as the sweet carol of the still hungry little bird rose through the air on that dark, still, cheerless, winter afternoon.

What did the song tell of? Oh, surely, that clear bell-like melody, that musical tone, that exquisite, harmonious

trill, told of something — of something besides a poor little desolate bird whose last chance for food had been snatched away before his eyes. Surely, those solitary notes of joy, poured into the midst of a gloom so profound, were as an angel's message, coming with a promise of peace and hope, at a moment when both seemed dead and departed.

Homeward bound there passed by, at that moment, the owner of the little suburban villa. It had been a melancholy day to him, saddened by painful recollections. Many and heavy were the sorrows crowded into the past year, and of these he was thinking. No wonder that on his face there hung a cloud of suffering and care, which not even the thought of the Christmas-day at hand could prevent or dispel.

What is it that he hears? He is close to the little gate near which the holly-tree grows. He pauses — he stops — he lifts up his troubled eyes. Beautiful, tender, affecting, there swept over the listener's heart the autumnal song of the robin. Sing on, sing on, from the top of your desolate tree, oh, little bird of cheerfulness and hope! Pour out again that heaven-taught music of contentment with the hour that now is.

The brave little bird sang his pretty song to an end, and then flew away. Quarrel not with him, if, in painful recollection of the holly-berries that had been carried into the house, he hovered round its windows and doors with anxious and curious stealth. Whether across the middle of one window he observed a tempting red cluster hanging down inside, no one can say. But the tantalizing pain of such a sight, if he felt it, was soon over, for just then the

window was opened, and along its outside ledge something was strewn with a careful hand. The window was closed again immediately, and whoever it was within retreated from sight.

From a naked rose-bush, whither he had flown when the window was opened, our little friend watched the affair. Was there any risk to be feared? All seemed quiet and still. In another minute he was on the ledge, and boldly, as if a dozen invitations had bidden him welcome to the feast, he was devouring crumb after crumb of the bread scattered there.

A burst of delighted laughter for a moment sent him back with sudden flight to the rose-bush. But no disaster ensued, and he was tempted again and again. Meanwhile the children within laughed happily at the courageous bird, that the bread-crumbs had tempted to the place. They laughed at the bold hop, the eager pecking, the brilliant bead-like eye of their new guest, and at the bright red of his breast; but it was a laugh that told of nothing but kindness and good-will.

“Little bits of things do accidentally turn up always, indeed!” said the robin to himself, as he crept into his ivy hole that evening to sleep; and he dreamed half the night of the wonderful place and the princely fare. And a sweeter song was never heard under a summer sun, than that with which the robin greeted that early day, the Christmas morning of the year. Perched in the laurel-bush near the tortoise’s retreat, he told a long, marvelous tale of his yesterday’s adventures, and promised more news against the time when he should return to wake him up in

the spring, never once thinking that his friend was too sound asleep to hear or to care.

But his promise was not in vain; for there was no doubt the robin had soon plenty to tell, not only of the meal that was spread for him in due time that very Christmas day, by those suddenly raised-up friends—but of the daily meal that henceforth never failed; of the curious, tiny house that was erected for him at the end of the ledge, which formed almost too warm a shelter for his hardy little frame.

But even to the tortoise he could never tell all he had felt during that wonderful winter; for he could never explain to anyone the mysterious friendship which grew up between himself and his protectors. He could never describe properly the friendly faces that sat round the breakfast-table on which, at last, he was allowed to hop about at pleasure.

He told how he used to sing on the rose-tree outside every morning to welcome the waking of his friends; and how, in the late afternoons, the father would sometimes open the window, and sit there quite by himself, listening to his song. The happier look that gradually replaced the gloom on the face of his sad-hearted friend was the sweetest joy of all to the brave little singer. But this precious secret the robin kept safe hidden in his own happy little heart, not even trying to tell it to the uncomprehending tortoise.

—*Mrs. A. Gatty* (Adapted).

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

—*Proverbs of Solomon.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A nightingale, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel — as well he might —
 The keen demands of appetite;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied, far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, quite eloquent: —
 “Did you admire my lamp,” quoth he,
 “As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song;
 For 'twas the self-same Power divine
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night.”

The songster heard his short oration,
 And warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

— *William Cowper.*

A MODEST WIT.

A supercilious nabob of the East—
 Haughty, being great — purse-proud, being rich —
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which —
 Had in his family a humble youth
 Who went from England in his patron's suite —
 An unassuming boy, and, in truth,
 A lad of decent parts and good repute.

This youth had sense, and spirit;
 Yet, with all his sense,
 Excessive diffidence
 Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
 His honor — proudly free, severely merry —
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.

“ Young man,” he said, “ by what art, craft, or trade
 Did your father gain a livelihood? ”
 “ He was a saddler, sir,” Modestus said,
 “ And in his line was reckoned good.”

“ A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to sew!
 Pray, why did not your father make
 A saddler, sir, of you? ”

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded — and the laugh went round.
 At length Modestus, bowing low,
 Said, craving pardon if too free he made,
 "Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
 Your father's trade."

" My father's trade! By heaven, that's too bad!
 My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
 My father, sir, did never stoop so low —
 He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

" Excuse the liberty I take,"
 Modestus said, with archness on his brow;
 " Pray, why did not your father make
 A gentleman of you?"

—*Anonymous.*

THE MAN AND THE LION.

A man and a lion going along the road together began to boast, each claiming superiority over the other. The dispute had not ended when they came upon a huge statue by the roadside, showing a man holding a powerful lion by the throat.

"Behold the proof of what I have been saying," said the man, pointing to the statue. "Man is the master of all the brute creation." Whereupon the lion quickly replied: "Everything depends upon who makes the statue. How do you suppose this one would look if lions knew how to carve in stone?"

THE KNIGHTS AND THE SHIELD.

In the olden times a British prince set up a statue to the goddess of Victory, at a point where four roads met. In her right hand she held a spear, and her left rested upon a shield. The outside of this shield was of gold, and the inside of silver, and on each side was an inscription.

It happened one day that two knights — one in black armor, the other in white — arrived at the same time, but from opposite directions, at the statue. As neither of them had seen it before, they stopped to examine the beautiful workmanship and read the inscription.

“This golden shield,” said the Black Knight, after examining it for some time — “this golden shield” —

“Golden shield!” cried the White Knight, who was as closely observing the other side; “why, if I have my eyes, it is silver.”

“Eyes you have, but they see not,” replied the Black Knight; “for if I saw a golden shield in my life, this is one.”

“O yes, it is so likely that any one would expose a golden shield on the public road!” said the White Knight, with a sarcastic smile. “For my part I wonder that even a silver one is not too strong a temptation for some people who pass this way.”

The Black Knight could not bear the smile with which this was spoken, and the dispute grew so warm that it ended in a challenge.

The knights turned their horses, and rode back to have sufficient space; then, fixing their spears in their rests,

they charged at each other with the greatest fury. The shock was so violent, and the blows on each side were so heavy, that they both fell to the ground, bleeding and stunned.

In this condition a good Druid who was traveling that way found them. He was a skillful physician, and had with him a balsam of wonderful healing power. This he applied to their wounds, and when the knights had recovered their senses he began to inquire into the cause of their quarrel.

"Why, this man," cried the Black Knight, "will have it that yonder shield is silver!"

"And he will have it that it is gold!" cried the White Knight.

"Ah!" said the Druid with a sigh, "you are both of you, my brethren, in the right, and both of you in the wrong. If either of you had taken time to look at the opposite side of the shield as well as at that which first met his eye, all this passion and bloodshed might have been avoided. However, there is a very good lesson to be learned from the evils that have befallen you. In the future, never enter into any dispute till you have fairly considered both sides of the question."

—Beaumont.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshipers.

—Bryant.

FEATHERED FAIRIES.

With the abundance of sunshine and beautiful flowers in California, we are scarcely surprised to see many more of the fairy-like, brightly colored humming birds than we have been used to see in the East. These brilliant, dainty creatures, smallest of birds, seem to fit well with their surroundings, whether we find them hovering over the myriads of wild flowers that carpet acres and acres of land, or flitting from blossom to blossom in a cultivated garden.

There is a home on the heights overlooking the beautiful San Bernardino valley in Southern California, that is specially blessed with the number of these swift-winged sprites that are always to be seen in the ever blooming gardens surrounding the house.

Here every spring not less than a half dozen happy little couples build their dainty homes, thimble-like in shape and scarcely larger. One is fastened to the long, swaying branch of a eucalyptus tree near the kitchen door, and so low that if the Chinese cook were six inches taller his head would strike it as he goes down the path; another on the stem of a rose-bush little Marguerite can easily look into. Then there's the nest on the broad leaf of the catalpa tree, and still another on the drooping branch of a pepper tree.

Come with me and look at the wonderful little home on the rose-bush as the female flies away after we have almost touched her shining glossy green back. Bit by bit that tiny bird has gathered the soft down from buds and blossoms, and shaped the walls, putting in here and there a

feather so small it might be her own, with strands of spider web to hold all together. In the bottom are her two white treasures, the smallest of bird eggs, looking for all the world like little white beans.

Now, as we step away, back comes the mother bird and settles down on her eggs. Her plumage is not so bright and glittering as that of the male bird, and for that reason she is not so easily seen when on her nest brooding her eggs or young.

Of the six kinds of humming birds found in California, all but one—I am speaking of the male birds—have backs of glossy green and underparts of white or gray. The exception is the little rufous hummer whose back is almost entirely cinnamon red, and who wears a fiery red gorget or patch on his chin. The black-chinned hummer—whose nest we have been looking at—is the western type of the eastern ruby-throat.

One would not expect it, but the male humming birds at least, are very quarrelsome. I saw a rufous humming bird get very cross one day while gathering honey from some nasturtiums—one would think he should be of a sweet turn of mind feeding on honey—and chase away with angry squeaks a "black-chin" that had come too near.

The black-chin made the best of it and betook himself to a great bunch of canna to console himself there. Now, honey in the canna blossom lies deep in the calyx, too deep to be reached by the humming bird's bill, but "black-chin" did not let that trouble him. He went to the bottom of the blossom, tore a small hole in a petal and soon got at his drop of sweetness.

Visit the nest in the rose-bush again, and in place of the two white eggs, there are two funny fuzzy black objects that look just like bees. Baby hummers! See how their little bodies throb; bird hearts beat so much faster than our own.

And how the mother's heart is beating as she sits on a branch near by and watches us, turning her head from side to side, looking anxiously at us with her bright eyes. With a whirr she is away for a rapid spin through the air, then back again until we go away and leave her to cuddle down over her tiny nestlings.

A few days later go once more to the rose-bush nursery. Step softly; not too close! What can the mother be doing? One little mouth is open and the mother's long bill is pushed down her infant's throat! The baby does not seem to mind; on the contrary, enjoys it, for the mother is simply feeding him with the insects and honey she has carried to him in her throat. Pigeons feed their young in the same strange fashion.

As the days go by, the little hummers grow, and the soft downy sides of their cradle stretch and stretch, as the birds get larger. Lucky babies and lucky parents, if no boisterous breeze comes blustering along to capsize the nest before the youngsters are able to fly!

Go again to the rose-bush; the nest is empty and the hummers gone. But of this we can be certain, that so long as this beautiful garden remains, humming birds will be found there building their nests, rearing their young, and gathering nectar from the flowers.

—*Henry L. Graham (Abridged)*.

By permission of "Our Animal Friends."

OLD-TIME HAYING.

Oh, the old-time, jocund haying!
 With music scythes a-gleam —
 Its merry-makers all a-field
 With morning's rosy beam;
 Its clover-scents, its bobolinks,
 Its diamond-dew, its cheer;
 The haying-time — the best, methinks,
 In all the goodly year.

The haying-time, so beautiful,
 With labor's romance fine,
 When hearts embrace the dutiful
 And water flows for wine;
 When sleep, too sweet for idle kings,
 Is won by toil's rough hands,
 And, scorning fashion's tinsel things,
 The honest yeoman stands,

A monarch of the blessed soil,
 A knight of high degree,
 Who only owes to happy toil
 Tribute and fealty.
 God bless the world, its autumn prime,
 Its winter cold and drear,
 And bless ten-fold the haying-time,
 The glory of the year!

— *Helen Hinsdale Rich.*

THE SONG OF THE RIVER.

A river went singing adown to the sea,
 A-singing — low — singing —
 And the dim rippling river said softly to me:
 "I'm bringing, a-bringing —
 While floating along —
 A beautiful song
 To the shores that are white where the waves
 are so weary,
 To the beach that is burdened with wrecks
 that are dreary;
 A song sweet and calm
 As the peacefulest psalm;
 And the shore that was sad
 Will be grateful and glad,
 And the weariest wave from its dreariest dream
 Will wake to the sound of the song of the stream:
 And the tempests shall cease,
 And there shall be peace."

From the fairest of fountains,
 And farthest of mountains,
 From the stillness of snow
 Came the stream in its flow.
 Thro' the vales where the flowers are fair —
 Where the sunlight flashed — where the shadows lay
 Like stories that cloud a face of care,
 The river ran on — and on — and on —
 Day and night and night and day,

Going and going and never gone;
 Longing to flow to the "far away,"
 Staying and staying and never still;
 Going and staying, as if one will
 Said: "Beautiful river, go to the sea;"
 And another will whispered: "Stay with me;"
 And the river made answer soft and low—
 "I go and stay"—"I stay and go."

"But what is the song?" I said, at last,
 To the passing river that never passed;
 And a white, white wave whispered: "List to me,
 I'm a note in the song for the beautiful sea,
 A song whose grand accents no earth-din
 may sever;
 And the river flows on in the same mystic key
 That blends in one chord the 'forever and never.'"

— *Abram J. Ryan.*

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The good fellow of the worthiest type is a great fellow. Out of and by means of his sympathy—intellectual, emotional, volitional—he leads his associates into the noblest sort of life; but his persuasiveness is so gentle and his influence is so unconscious that men often find themselves better men without knowing the process, or even dreaming of the result, until the result has been secured.

— *Charles F. Thwing.*

THE WOODCHUCK.



WOODCHUCK FINDERS.

All the farmer-boys and girls throughout the Eastern and Middle States know the woodchuck — called, also, the ground hog — for he is as much a part of the farm as the brook or the sugar-bush.

In a tramp through the fields almost any time during

the spring or summer, they are likely to catch a glimpse of his reddish-brown, grizzled-gray, or occasionally black coat, as he scampers away to his burrow, or possibly to his den in the wall or stone-heap, which he sometimes prefers for a summer home. Those who know him well can easily distinguish his den by the peculiar odor which he always leaves about the place where he lives.

When our grandfathers were boys, the woodchuck usually had his home in the woods, where he fed on the tender bark and roots of various kinds, but to-day we find him more inclined to the fields, near the farmer's clover patch.

There is a touch of laziness in his disposition and probably he finds the clover patch an easier place to get his living. Then, too, it is nearer the garden where he can occasionally taste the juicy peas, beans, and lettuce of which he is very fond. But he has greatly added to his danger by the change, for here the farmer continually wages warfare against him, from early spring until fall. Hence, many woodchucks are trapped, some are shot, and not a few are killed by the farm dogs.

Trapping these animals is more easy in May or June than later in the summer when experience has made them more wise and timid. The trap is set at the entrance of the burrow and made fast to a stake driven into the ground.

Old woodchucks, especially those living far away from the house and having their burrows in the edge of the woods or bushes nearby, frequently become very shy and develop great skill in detecting and avoiding the dangers of the traps. Sometimes one of them will spring a trap day after

day without being caught, or even dig around the trap, much to the disgust of the farmer-boy, who is usually paid a bounty of ten cents for each "chuck" that he captures.

After the grass has been mowed in the meadows and he can no longer hide himself, the woodchuck becomes much wilder for he must now look out for the guns of the village sportsmen, who often betake themselves to the country on leisure afternoons to indulge in a woodchuck hunt.

Then, too, he must be on guard against the farm dog, which sometimes develops considerable ability in capturing woodchucks.

A certain old dog by the name of Shep, which belonged to a farmer in one of the southern counties of New York State, was a famous woodchuck hunter. After locating a woodchuck, Shep would quietly watch its movements for a little time. Then, while the animal was feeding, the dog would move directly toward it, keeping his body close to the ground, but stopping instantly and lying perfectly still whenever the woodchuck raised himself upon his haunches to look about for danger. When Shep believed himself near enough to the burrow to prevent the woodchuck from entering, he would make a dash for it, and, if he reached the goal first, there was sure to be one less woodchuck to feed upon the clover.

Some years ago while returning from the mill pond, where I had been fishing for pickerel through the ice, I came upon a man in the open field, digging for a skunk, which he thought he had tracked into a woodchuck's burrow. As he was evidently near the end of the burrow I waited to learn the results.

A little farther on the burrow branched, and there in the end we discovered a ball of fur—not a skunk, but a woodchuck, deep in his winter's sleep. As he was of no use to the man, I took him home. When warmed, he slowly awoke, but soon fell asleep again, his winter's sleep not being completed.

I was fortunate enough to know quite well one real woodchuck family. They lived down by the old rail fence, just back of the orchard, the mother and five little ones. The cubs were born, probably about the tenth of May, in a snug little chamber two or three feet under ground and containing a small bed of dry grass gathered the fall before.

The mother made herself known by a shrill whistle of alarm at old Rover and his boy master as they were on their way to the fishing pond one rainy morning in the latter part of May. The dog bounded quickly in the direction of the sound and was soon at the entrance of the burrow thrusting in his head, wagging his tail and uttering the short, quick yelps so characteristic of the shepherd dog. For the moment the interest of Rover's master was divided between the woodchuck and the prospects of the fish; but fishing promised quicker results, and he and his dog soon went on their way and left the little family to me.

The mother was too thoroughly frightened to venture out again that day; but one day, a little later, she appeared at the door of her little earth-castle, and the five cubs came tumbling along the narrow passage after her.

It was evidently the first time they had opened their great, wondering, brown eyes on the world outside. The

sweet odors from the meadows whispered to their awakening instincts of the clover and grasses they would soon be hunting for themselves, while the song of the wren, the whistle of the meadow larks, and the buzz of insects told them of other happy dwellers in their new world.

The mother was alert for every unusual sound and did not venture from the entrance until she had made a thorough survey of the surroundings. When satisfied that there was no danger lurking in the immediate vicinity, she led the way into the grass and began nibbling the clover leaves. Instinctively imitating her, the cubs came tumbling close after, and also began cutting the juicy leaves with their sharp little teeth. They were learning their first lesson — how to eat.

The real object of their first outing was accomplished when they had filled their stomachs, and then they began playing about in the grass very much like puppies, the mother being careful meanwhile to keep them close to the entrance of the burrow. Suddenly her trained ear caught an unwelcome sound, and she hurried the little ones into the burrow and disappeared after them.

They were scarcely safe when the dog Rover appeared over a knoll, making straight for them. The cubs could have traversed but a part of the tunnel before they heard the deep breathing of the dog at the mouth of the burrow. Their hearts beat fast from the excitement and unusual exertion, but the experience had added one more fact to their first day's lesson, and they understood that there were foes to be avoided in that strange new world they had just discovered outside.



Photographed from life by S. A. Lottridge.

WOODCHUCK.

Their education progressed rapidly from this point. A part of it was through imitation of the mother, but the greater part came through instinct and experiences of their own. They soon learned to tell the clover from the plantain, and to know the plants that were good for food and medicine from those that must be let alone. They could also distinguish, among the many sounds that came to their ears, those that threatened danger from those that meant no harm.

As they developed in size, they now and then did a little tunnelling on their own account. It is not improba-

ble, too, that they listened to occasional lectures by the mother, based on her experience with traps, as, later, we found that she had only three toes on the left forward foot.

Some attention was, doubtless, given to the art of climbing fences and trees, where they could command a better view of meadow and woodland, for woodchucks really climb fences and small trees. The mother of this family was photographed while sunning herself on the old rail fence just back of the burrow.

One of the most important lessons given the young ones was on the nature of their foes. Although Bob from the next farm one day very nearly caught one of the chucks, they soon learned that a dog was not a very dangerous foe, since he usually made his presence known when some distance away. They learned, too, that great care must be exercised if a fox was discovered in the vicinity, he being much more stealthy.

Woodchucks do not live in towns like prairie dogs. Still the neighbors are never far apart and our five little "chucks" not only played among themselves but had many a fine romp with their neighbor friends.

When they were rather more than three-quarters grown, their education was complete, and the time drew near when they must find homes for themselves, either by hunting out a deserted burrow or by digging a new one, there to settle down to the serious business of life. There seemed to be little ceremony over their leave taking, and the separation occurred very suddenly. We do not know which left the burrow first but within three days all had gone except the

mother, each to repeat in his own little den the history of the home he had left.

Usually, each young woodchuck has a burrow by itself, but, occasionally, a pair will live together during the winter. One instance of this kind was a pair which selected a location on a gentle slope in one corner of the meadow, not far from the old home.

The new burrow had been partly dug before leaving the old one. The two worked together with a will to complete it and made rapid progress, for their feet are armed with powerful claws, and there is a web between the toes, thus forming a combined pick and shovel. The fore feet are used principally for digging, and the hind ones for throwing backward the loosened earth and stones.

For some distance from the entrance, the burrow inclined downward quite sharply, then turned slightly upward and continued along beneath the surface for a distance of fifteen feet. This arrangement secured good drainage, which is very important in the woodchuck's home.

Sometimes there are one or more side tunnels three or four feet long. One of these in time of danger may be used as an exit. It is usually small and often ends in a tuft of grass with no refuse about it to attract the attention of an enemy. The main burrow ends in a chamber of considerable size in which there is a quantity of fine grass for bedding.

When the work of digging the new burrow was completed, our young woodchucks were ready for housekeeping. The meadows had been mowed and a juicy new clover crop was spread before them. There was nothing to do but

to eat and doze about in the sun. With a few weeks of this sort of life there came a wonderful change in their appearance. Their cheeks became distended, their fur more glossy, and their skins were stretched with fatness.

When September was well advanced, they could eat no more, and had only to wait and doze away the time until Mother Nature should put them to sleep—which occurred about the first week in October. The blood had already commenced to flow more slowly through their veins, a drowsiness which they could not resist was gradually stealing over them, and, finally, they curled themselves into balls of fur, side by side in their snug retreat, and fell asleep.

Warm autumn days followed with their mellow light, Indian summer came and went, cold winds blew and the snow covered the earth, but the slumber of the woodchucks was unbroken. And thus the winter passed in one long dream of summer.

One wise in weather signs might have told them that if they began their sleep so early they would surely awaken in March and find but scanty sustenance for hungry animals: that clover would be green for weeks to come: that vegetable gardens would still repay foraging expeditions: that many balmy days would come before the actual winter. But all in vain! The woodchuck removes no ancient landmarks, but is ruled by the traditions of the fathers. And from the beginning, woodchucks have rolled themselves up in dry grasses when October days were all gold and blue, there to sleep until the far-reaching voice of tradition called them out to face the bleak, blustering winds, and the unfriendly skies of cold, stormy March.

—*Silas A. Lottridge Adapted).*



"SAIL ON! SAIL ON!"

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind, the Gates of Hercules,
 Before him not the ghost of shores,
 Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
 For lo! the very stars are gone;
 Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
 "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
 My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you may say, at break of day,
 'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said:
 "Why, now, not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
 He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
 "This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;

He curls his lips, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite;
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"
 The words leaped like a leaping sword,
 "Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
 "A light! A light! A light! A light!"
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Cincinnatus Heine Miller* (Joaquin Miller).

By permission of the Whitaker and Ray Co., Publishers, San Francisco.



THE SHIPS OF COLUMBUS.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit encircled by all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam-blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring.

Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshiped, and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit.

He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet

in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble, though blind, adoration.

—*Charles Sprague.*

LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has given
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world, in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christian thirsts for gold;
 To be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

—*Alexander Pope.*

From the "Essay on Man."

Show me the man you honor, I know by that symptom,
 better than by any other, what kind of a man you yourself
 are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood
 is; what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE SNOW-IMAGE:
A CHILDISH MIRACLE.



PART I.

One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to

be very beautiful, her parents, and other people who were familiar with her, used to call Violet.

But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.

The children dwelt in a city and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees overshadowing it, and some rose-bushes just in front of the parlor windows.

"Yes, Violet—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother, "you may go out and play in the new snow." Accordingly, the good lady bundled up her darlings and gave them a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost.

Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they!

To look at them frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony, and that they themselves had been created, as the snow-birds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantle which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over

with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow—an image of a little girl—and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"O, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice. And mamma shall see it."

"Yes," answered Violet, "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor, for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it.

They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. And, to say the truth, if miracles are ever to be wrought, it will be by putting our hands to the work in precisely such a simple and undoubting frame of mind as that in which Violet and Peony now undertook to perform one, without so much as knowing that it was a miracle.

Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight, those bright little souls at their task. Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skilfully they

managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction, and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure.

It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden, "bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very farthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to shape out little snow-sister's bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it came out of the sky."

"Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, in his bluff tone — but a very sweet tone, too — as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. "Here is the snow for her little bosom. O Violet, how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly; "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children were to come from Paradise, and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image, giving it the features of celestial babyhood.

"My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did," said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Nevertheless, the idea seized upon her imagination; and, ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half dreaming that she might see the golden-haired children of Paradise sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet, for her brother was again at the other side of the garden, "bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head."

"Here they are, Violet," answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Yes," said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice, to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense! Come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, "Mamma! mamma! mamma! Look out and see what a nice 'ittle girl we are making."

The mother put down her work for an instant, and looked out of the window. Through all that bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden, that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it.

And she saw Violet and Peony — indeed, she looked more at them than at the image — she saw the two children still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model.

Indistinctly as she discerned the snow-child, the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow-figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

“They do everything better than other children,” said she, very complacently. “No wonder they make better snow-images!”

“What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!” said Violet. “I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold. Sha’n’t you love her dearly, Peony?”

“O yes,” cried Peony. “And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk.”

“O no, Peony!” answered Violet, with grave wisdom. “That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink.”

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully:

“Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud, and the color does not go away. Is not that beautiful?”

"Yes, it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold."

"O, certainly," said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red — redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them."

Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too."

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. The mother was about to tap on the window-pane to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice:

"Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us."

"What imaginative little beings my children are!" thought the mother, putting the last few stitches into Peony's frock. "And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much of a child as they themselves are. I can

hardly help believing now that the snow-image has really come to life."

"Dear mamma!" cried Violet, "pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have."

The mother, being thus entreated, could no longer delay to look forth from the window. The sun was now gone out of the sky, leaving, however, his brightness among those purple and golden clouds which make the sunsets of winter so magnificent.

And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children!

PART II.

Opening the house-door, she stood an instant on the threshold, and almost doubted whether it were a real child, after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind.

The lady could remember no such face, with its pure white, and delicate rose-color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, which was entirely of white, and fluttering in the breeze, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl, when sending her out to play, in the depth of winter.

The white-robed damsels said not a word, but danced about merrily. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play

with her, she could make just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west wind, which kept blowing her all about the garden, and took such liberties with her, that they seemed to have been friends for a long time.

All this while the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snow-drift, or how a snow-drift could look so very like a little girl.

She called Violet, and whispered to her.

"Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain an affair, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother, and looking up simply into her face, "this is our snow-image! Is it not a nice 'ittle child?"

"Violet," said her mother, greatly perplexed, "tell me the truth without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz; "this is 'ittle snow-child. Is not she a nice one? But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!"

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared.

His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise, at finding the whole family in the open air, on so bleak a day, and after sunset, too. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and a flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely, her mother must be crazy, to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Our Violet and Peony insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon."

"This is very strange!" said he.

"What is strange?" asked Violet. "Dear father, do you not see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'ittle snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. We will bring her into the parlor, and you shall

give her a supper of warm bread and milk and make her as comfortable as you can."

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room."

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so much was he in earnest, "this be nothing but our 'ittle snow-child. She will not love the hot fire."

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house, this moment. It is too late to play any longer now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will catch her death-a-cold."

"Husband! dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice, "you will think me foolish — but — but — may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour in playing with those dear little souls, and so the result is what we call a miracle?"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden. As he approached the snow-birds took to flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray, do not touch me!"

At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little

stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. "Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand, "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. Come along in."

And so, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house. She followed him droopingly, for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw.

As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps to the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face — their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks — and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet! — quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"

"After all, husband," said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was — "after all, she does look strangely like a snow-image! I do believe she is made of snow!"

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow-child, and again she sparkled like a star.

"Snow!" repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. "No wonder she looks like snow! She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights."

Without further talk, and always with the same best intentions, he led the little white damsel—drooping, drooping, drooping, more and more—out of the frosty air, and into his comfortable parlor.

The difference betwixt the atmosphere here and the cold, wintry twilight out of doors, was like stepping at once from Nova Zembla to the hottest part of India, or from the North Pole into an oven. O, this was a fine place for the little white stranger!

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking through her like a pestilence. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes, as if it were summoning her to come forth. But there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove:

But the man saw nothing amiss.

“ You, Violet and Peony,” said he, “ amuse your little friend. She is out of spirits, you see, at finding herself in a strange place. For my part, I will go around among the neighbors, and find out where she belongs.”

Without heeding the remonstrances of his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow-sister did not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor door carefully behind him; but he was recalled by Violet and Peony.

“ We told you so, father!” screamed Violet and Peony, as he re-entered the parlor. “ You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!”

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved

in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this every-day world, felt not a little anxious lest his own children might be going to thaw, too.

In the utmost perplexity, he demanded an explanation from his wife. She could only reply, that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it," added she, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, father," said Violet, looking reproachfully at him, through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister."

And the stove, through the isinglass of its door, seemed to glare at good Mr. Lindsey, like a red-eyed demon triumphing in the mischief which it had done.

This, you will observe, was one of those rare cases, where common-sense finds itself at fault. The remarkable story of the snow-image is capable of being moralized in various methods.

One of its lessons, for instance, might be that what has been established as an element of good to one being may prove absolute mischief to another; even as the warmth of the parlor was proper enough for children of flesh and blood, like Violet and Peony, but involved nothing short of annihilation to the unfortunate snow-image.

— *Nathaniel Hawthorne (Abridged)*.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner still wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is the band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood hath washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

—*Francis Scott Key.*

HOW "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" WAS WRITTEN.

In 1814, Fort McHenry, which guards the entrance to the port of Baltimore, was unsuccessfully bombarded by the British fleet. Francis Scott Key was detained over night as a prisoner on board one of the English ships, and witnessed that memorable attack. The night was full of anxiety as to the outcome, but at dawn the American flag was seen floating over the ramparts. Key's joy, when he found that the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down, found expression in the now world-famous "Star-Spangled Banner."

He hastily wrote the lines on the back of a letter. On arriving in Baltimore, he gave them to a friend to be printed, with the direction that they should be sung to an air long known in England as "Anacreon in Heaven," and in America, as "Adams and Liberty." The song was first sung by Ferdinand Durang, who mounted a chair in a tavern and sang it to the crowd gathered there. In a short time it spread throughout the United States, and is now sung in every home and school.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

What was Lincoln's mysterious power, and whence?

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, reveals the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad grown to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always towards the destined land.

I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself to the practical uses of this work-a-day world; the rearing of children, the earning of bread; the cumulative duties of the husband, the father, and the citizen.

I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend to the eminence ordained for him, and him alone among the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency.

The same being, from first to last; the little boy weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, not changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him forward.

And, last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country wrapped about him, and the world in mourning at his feet. Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident, or chance. . . . A thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

—*Henry Watterson.*

From the "Compromises of Life," a Book of Lectures and Addresses. Used by permission of the Author.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation — or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated — can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate; we cannot consecrate; we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

A GROUP OF HEROES.

(SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.)

Drawing inspiration from the flag of our country, the South has shared not only the dangers but the glories of the war. In the death of brave young Bagley at Cardenas, North Carolina furnished the first blood in the tragedy. It was Victor Blue of South Carolina who, like the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, crossed the fiery path of the enemy at his pleasure, and brought the first official tidings of the situation as it existed in Cuba.

It was Brumby, a Georgia boy, the flag-lieutenant of Dewey, who first raised the stars and stripes over Manila. It was Alabama that furnished Hobson—glorious Hobson—who accomplished two things the Spanish navy never yet has done—sunk an American ship and made a Spanish man-of-war securely float.

When that great and generous soldier, U. S. Grant, gave back to Lee, crushed, but ever glorious, the sword he had surrendered at Appomattox, that deed said to the people of the South, "You are our brothers." But when the present ruler of our grand republic, on awakening to the condition of war that confronted him, with his first commission placed the leader's sword in the hands of those gallant Confederate commanders, Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee, he wrote between the lines in living letters of everlasting light the words, "There is but one people of this Union, one flag alone for all."

—Clark Howell.

From "The Peace Jubilee Speech," October, 1898.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,

Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,

Asleep are the ranks of the dead:

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the one, the Blue,

Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,

Those, in the gloom of defeat,

All with the battle blood gory,

In the dusk of eternity meet:

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the laurel, the Blue,

Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,

The desolate mourners go,

Lovingly laden with flowers,

Alike for the friend and the foe:

Under the sod and the dew,

Waiting the judgment day;

Under the roses, the Blue,

Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,

The morning sun rays fall,

With a touch impartially tender,

On the blossoms blooming for all:

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Broidered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth,
 The cooling drip of the rain:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won:
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever,
 When they laurel the graves of our dead!
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

—*Francis Miles Finch,*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1807-1892. .

“What we are,” said Whittier, “will be more important than what we have done or said in prose or rhyme;” and this is so truly the key-note of his character that it is not only or chiefly the author and poet of whom we think when we recall Whittier, but the strong, sweet-souled man whose frail life was so full of beauty and of loving kindness. The lovely descriptions, the deep sympathy with everything poor or weak, the quiet humor, and the sense of communion between God and every living creature speak to us so powerfully because we know that they reflect the daily life of a very humble and Christ-like gentleman.

Whittier’s forebears were sturdy farmers who had settled in that corner of New England around Amesbury, Mass., and as early as 1647, Thomas Whittier had cut the oaken beams for the old homestead in Haverhill, where several generations of Whittiers lived and died.

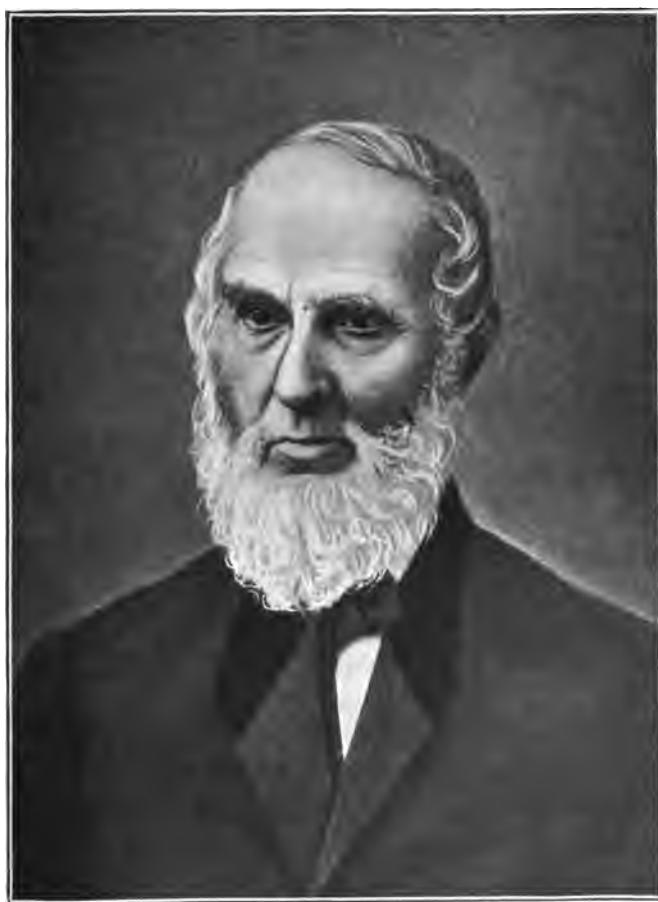
Here, on December 17, 1807, John Greenleaf, the poet, was born. His father was a farmer, like all the family, and a rather stern Quaker; but his mother was a very gentle and charming lady, who knew how to sympathize with her gifted son. The household was a very interesting one, from Uncle Moses to the frail little sister, Elizabeth. But there is no need to describe the occupants of that quiet home; we have all learned to know them in the pages of “Snowbound,” from which they stand forth as distinctly as if painted on canvas by the hand of some celebrated portrait artist.

The poet himself was a thin, delicate boy, who found his share of the farm work rather difficult at times. But he loved the old house with its great fire-place and his own little room under the rafters. And he loved the big barn and was friends with all the horses and cows. Then he could so easily escape to the woods or even to the great ocean, and the blue summits of the New Hampshire hills filled him with his first conscious joy in nature.

In the little room under the eaves Whittier wrote his first verses. He went at intervals to the district school and here, one day, his teacher gave him a copy of Robert Burns's poems. This was almost the only book, save the Bible, which had ever come into the boy's hands and he read it eagerly and hungrily. The songs opened to him a new and wonderful world and in reading them he learned that he, too, could sing.

One day his sister Mary, without a word to any one, sent one of these early efforts to the *Free Press* of Newburyport. Whittier was working with his father building a stone wall when the postman, carrying the last issue of the paper, rode by and tossed him a copy. In all his life he never felt such joy and astonishment as when he opened the paper, there in the fields, and found his own poem, "The Exile's Departure," in the poet's corner.

After this he contributed frequently to the local papers, and his father was induced by his success to send him for two terms to a neighboring Academy, upon condition, however, that he pay his own way. This he did, partly by making a coarse grade of slippers, and partly by teaching school. Although Whittier's schooling was so meagre, he



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

read very widely and made such good use of all his opportunities for study that he became, finally, a man of great learning and broad culture, well worthy of the degrees which various colleges conferred upon him after his poems had made him famous.

His own account of his first visit to the city is very amusing. He had been invited to spend a week with a relative in Boston, and had a whole new suit for the occasion trimmed with "boughten" buttons, a mark of fashion which he had never before possessed. He started away bravely in the coach, armed with the advice and warnings of his mother. As soon as he had arrived in Boston and had had his tea he sallied out "to see the sights."

"I wandered up and down the streets," he said. "Somehw it wasn't just what I expected, and the crowd was worse and worse after I got into Washington Street; and when I got tired of being jostled, it seemed to me as if the folks might get by if I waited a little while. Some of them looked at me so that I slipped into an alleyway and looked out and waited. Sometimes there didn't seem to be so many passing, and I thought of starting, and then they'd begin again. 'Twas a terrible stream of people to me. I began to think my new clothes and the buttons were all thrown away. I stayed there a good long while. I began to be homesick and thought it made no difference at all about my having those boughten buttons."

Next morning the early coach carried home a sadder but a wiser boy.

When he left the Academy, Whittier had grown into a very attractive young man. Although always slight and

delicate, he was tall and graceful, and his large brown eyes were remarkably beautiful. His manner was shy, almost bashful; but he was a delightful companion with those whom he knew well, and he had a quaint mirthfulness all his own.

William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the paper which printed his first poem, was so charmed with the young man that he offered him the editorship of a new paper which he had just started in Boston. From this time on for many years Whittier lived the busy life of a journalist. His work finally called him to Connecticut and he might have made a great editor, for he had a fund of shrewd common sense not often found in a poet, had it not been for his interest in slavery which absorbed his time and largely cut him off from the broader field of literature. During this time, however, in spite of his duties on various papers, he published his first book, "Legends of New England in Prose and Verse."

Actuated by the highest, most unselfish motives, he threw himself heart and soul into the cause of the emancipation of the slaves. The cause, however, was by no means a popular one, and Whittier's attitude was the death blow to his success as a great journalist. "For twenty years," he says, "I was shut out from the favor of booksellers and magazine editors; but I was enabled by rigid economy to live in spite of them."

For many years he gave all his time and strength to the service of the oppressed—white as well as black—north and south alike, and was especially active in the cause of prison reforms.

Meanwhile, in 1836, the old home at Haverhill had been sold and the family had moved to a smaller house in Amesbury. This became the poet's home for the greater part of his life, and here, in a brief interval of rest, he wrote the poems called "Voices of Freedom," which put much courage into the hearts of those who were working for emancipation. Some of his strongest work was during this period, but it lacked the ease and polish of later, more peaceful years.

This active life proved too much for his feeble body, and in 1840 he gave up his work in Philadelphia and returned to Amesbury once more. Here he lived almost constantly for forty years. He could never read or write for more than a few hours at a time, but these years were the most fruitful of his life. Here he had time to sing of the things that lay nearest his heart; those sweet, homely songs which have made him a permanent place in every New England household, and in all homes graced by the spirit of sweet sincerity and the love of the simple things that make life really beautiful.

Not until 1849 was a collected edition of Whittier's poems published and no one was more surprised than he when his verses actually began to bring him money. After this his fame grew rapidly and from the publication of "Snowbound," in 1866, to the last day of his life he had all the honors and all the trials which fame can bring. The other volumes of this period are "Songs of Labor," "In War Time," "The Tent on the Beach," "Mabel Martin," and "Among the Hills."

The hardest interruptions in this peaceful life were the death of his mother, and several years later, of the

invalid sister whom he had always watched over so tenderly and who had shared every interest of his life. Now he turned more than ever to the many friends his poems had made for him, and the chief pleasures of his life were the journeys to Boston, where he loved to drop in upon them unexpectedly. Fame, he declared, was little to him. The world to him meant the people he loved and who loved him.

He was never well enough to travel very far from home, but then he had a wonderful faculty for getting pleasure out of little everyday sights and experiences. "I see a great many more things in the city than thee does," he would say to the town dwellers, "because I go to town so seldom. The shop windows are a delight to me, and everything and everybody is novel and interesting. I don't need to go to the theatre. I have more theatre than I can take in every time I walk out."

As he grew older these visits to the city became more infrequent, but he enjoyed life to the end and all the country folk and children were his friends. He would "sit on a barrel and discuss the affairs of the day" with his neighbors without losing any of his sweet dignity, and wherever he went in his summer wanderings in the hills, a crowd of children was sure to follow.

He always clung to the Quaker faith of his parents, even — in the ordinary home-life — wearing their costume and using their manner of speech. "I think every child should cling to the faith of its parents until it learns something better," he declared. "The Eternal Goodness" and "My Psalm" are fine examples of this simple, childlike

faith that speaks through all his poems and lends them an old-fashioned gentleness and tranquillity that is very grateful in this busy world.

Perhaps the greatest triumph in the poet's quiet life came to him on his seventieth birthday, when his literary friends gave him a dinner and read poems and made speeches in his honor. Even Whittier himself overcame his shyness and made a little speech. But he was by no means ready to rest on his laurels yet. Only the next year he published the "Vision of Echard," which contains some of the loveliest of his lyrics, and the year before his death, the beautiful volume, "At Sundown."

Death came very peacefully at last while he was resting at Hampton Falls, a spot he dearly loved. Almost the last words he ever spoke, repeated over and over, are like a golden key opening up his whole life to view: "Love—love to all the world."

—*M. A. Eaton.*

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail or win.
What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said
And life the sweeter made?

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered;—
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

“ I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
 I hate to go above you,
 Because ”— the brown eyes lower fell —
 “ Because, you see, I love you! ”

Still memory to a gray haired man
 That sweet child face is showing.
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her — because they love him.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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“ God gives us all some small, sweet way
 To set the world rejoicing.”

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

Ludwig von Beethoven, one of the most illustrious of Germany's modern musical composers, was born at Bonn in 1770, and died at Vienna in 1827. His life was a sad one, made so, largely, by the unkind treatment of those who should have been his friends. That he preserved his sweet kindness of nature in spite of all, is shown by the following anecdote:

One moonlight winter's evening, in Bonn, I called upon Beethoven, wishing to take him for a walk, and afterwards to sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" said he, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F. How well it is played!"

We paused outside and listened. The player went on; but, in the midst of the finale, there was a sudden break; then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah! my sister," said her companion; "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said. "Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?" "I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding! I will play to her, and she will understand it."

And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened, and we entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend; "how, then, does the young lady"— He paused, and colored; for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there, I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but

seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses!

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties.

“Play to us once more—only once more!” He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. “I will improvise a Sonata to the Moonlight!” said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift agitato finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

“Farewell to you!” said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door—“farewell to you!”

“You will come again?” asked they, in one breath. He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly at the face of the blind girl.

“Yes, yes,” he said hurriedly, “I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!” Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

“Let us make haste back,” said Beethoven, “that I may write out that Sonata while I can yet remember it.”

We did so, and he sat over it until long past dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which the music-loving world is now so fondly acquainted.

— *Unknown.*

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue long ago,
 Tall and slender, and sallow and dry.
 His form was bent, and his gait was slow;
 His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
 But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
 And he sang every night, as he went to bed—
 "Let us be happy down here below:
 The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
 Writing, and reading, and history, too;
 He took the little ones up on his knee,
 For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
 And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
 "Learn while you're young," he often said;
 "There's much to enjoy down here below:
 Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
 Speaking only in gentlest tones;
 The rod was hardly known in his school;
 Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
 And too hard work for his poor old bones;
 Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said.
 "We should make life pleasant, down here below:
 The living need charity more than the dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
 With roses and woodbine over the door.
 His rooms were quiet and neat and plain;
 But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
 And made him forget he was old and poor.
 "I need so little," he often said;
 "And my friends and relatives here below
 Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
 Every night, when the sun went down,
 While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
 Leaving his tenderest kisses there,
 On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
 And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said —
 " 'Tis a glorious world, down here below:
 Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
 After the sun had sunk in the west;
 And the lingering beams of golden light
 Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
 While the odorous night-wind whispered, "Rest!"
 Gently, gently, he bowed his head.
 There were angels waiting for him, I know:
 He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
 This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

— *George Arnold.*

NIGHT AND DAY.

Lying to the far north, there is a great country much favored of the gods. Balder the Beautiful, the best loved son of Odin, the great Alfader of the Northland, never closes his eyes against its shining fields of ice and snow, even at midnight sending his bright beams to remind the inhabitants of his love and care.

Among the progeny of the gods was Delling, or Dawn, glad of heart and beauteous of face and form. There, too, was Nott, or Night, with starry eyes holding in their luminous depths such soft splendors as never elsewhere seen; Night, whose noiseless, trailing garments dropped lovely violet-tinted shadows where'er she passed; Night, whose musk-scented hair and odorous breath cast a tender spell upon all living creatures lulling them gently to sleep. And Dawn wedded Night, and their son was Day, a child so light of heart, so brightly beauteous, that men gazing upon him even likened him to Balder.

These two, Night and Day, were loved by all men and by all the Northland deities. Even to Odin, was the mysterious Night dear; and dear, too, was Day, her marvelously beautiful son. And these two he set high in the heavens, giving to each a costly chariot; to each, also, a wondrous steed that they might, in turn, drive quite around the world. But never might the two speed their fleet coursers at the same time.

Day's chariot is of burnished gold, and resplendent with countless precious gems, which leave a gleaming trail of rainbow hues in its wake as the chariot flashes quickly

past. His steed is called Skinfaxi, meaning "the shining-maned"; for his long, flowing mane sheds rays of dazzling, golden light over all the earth and all the heaven, as the glad-hearted, bright-faced Day drives him across the sky and around the world. Night's steed is called Hrimfaxi, meaning "the rimy, or frost-maned." Her chariot is less showy but no less beautiful than that of her son, being of azure, thickly studded with myriads of bright stars. Stars, too, gleam from her dark, floating tresses and from her trailing misty robes.

Day, true son of Dawn, mounts his shining chariot in the early morning twilight, and, drawn by his noble Skinfaxi, gaily takes his way around the earth. Never pauses he for rest or for food until warned by musky scents and by softly-flung violet shadows that he must yield the course to the noiseless azure ear of his beautiful, starry-eyed mother.

Slowly Night mounts her star-gemmed chariot, and softly draws the reins over faithful Hrimfaxi, the frosty-maned. Then gently they take their way around the world, leaving the earth—when the morning twilight ends their race—lightly covered with a white rime, like a thin crust of powdered diamonds, but in reality, the white frost flung from Hrimfaxi's mane during the long, silent hours of their journey. And thus Day and Night drive their beautiful chariots alternately across the sky.

Such is the story of heaven-born Day and no less heaven-born Night. Having its origin before the dawn of history, it has been handed down through the vanished ages to the present time from the far-off, shining Northland, beloved of all the gods, and to Balder most dear.

THE BARMECIDE FEAST.

A certain man, Shacabac by name, was reduced, by reverse of fortune, to the necessity of begging his bread. In this occupation he acquitted himself with great address. His chief aim was to procure admission, by bribing the officers and domestics, into the houses of the great, and, by having access to their persons, to excite their compassion.

By this means he one day gained admission to a magnificent building, in which, luxuriously reclining on a sofa in a room richly furnished, he found the master, a Barmecide, who, in the most obliging manner, thus addressed him : "Welcome to my house. What dost thou wish, my friend?"

"I am in great want. I suffer from hunger, and have nothing to eat," said the intruder.

The Barmecide was much astonished at this answer. "What!" he cried. "What! nothing to eat! Am I in the city, and thou in it hungry? It is a thing I cannot endure. Thou shalt be happy as heart can wish. Thou must stay and partake of my salt. Whatever I have is thine."

"O my master! I have not patience to wait, for I am in a state of extreme hunger. I have eaten nothing this day."

"What! is it true that even at this late hour thou hast not broken thy fast? Alas! poor man, he will die with hunger.—Halloo, there, boy! bring us instantly a basin of water, that we may wash our hands."

Although no boy appeared, and Shacabac observed neither basin nor water, the Barmecide nevertheless began to rub his hands, as if some one held the water for him; and while he was doing this he urged Shacabac to do the same. Shacabac by this supposed that the Barmecide was fond of fun; and, as he liked a jest himself, he approached, and pretended to wash his hands, and afterwards to wipe them with a napkin held by the attendant.

"Now bring us something to eat," said the Barmecide, "and take care not to keep us waiting. Set the table here. Now lay the dishes on it.—Come, friend, sit down at the table here. Eat, and be not ashamed; for thou art hungry, and I know how thou art suffering from the violence of thy hunger." Saying these words, although nothing had been brought to eat, he began as if he had taken something on his plate, and pretended to put it in his mouth and chew it, adding, "Eat, I beg of thee; for a hungry man, thou seemest to have but a poor appetite. What thinkest thou of this bread?"

Shacabac said to himself, "Verily this is a man that loveth to jest with others;" then to the Barmecide: "O my master, never in my life have I seen bread more beautifully white than this, or of a sweeter taste. Where didst thou procure it?"

"This," said the host, "was made by a slave of mine whom I purchased for five hundred pieces of gold. Boy! bring to us the dish the like of which is not found among the viands of kings.—Eat, O my guest! for thou art hungry — violently so — and in absolute want of food."

Shacabac twisted his mouth about as if eating heartily,

and said, "Verily this is a dish worthy the table of the great Solomon."

"Eat on, my friend," replied the Barmecide.—Boy! place before us the lamb fattened with almonds.—Now, this is a dish never found but at my table, and I wish thee to eat thy fill of it." As he said this, he pretended to take a piece in his hand, and put it to Shacabac's mouth. Shacabac held his head forward, opened his mouth, pretended to take the piece, and to chew and swallow it with the greatest delight, saying, "O my master! verily this dish hath not its equal in sweetness of flavor."

"Do justice to it, I pray, and eat more of it," said his host. "The goose, too, is very fat. Try only a leg and a wing.—Ho there, boy! bring us a fresh supply." At which, Shacabac protested, "O no, my lord! for in truth, I cannot eat any more."

"Let the dessert, then, be served," said the Barmecide, "and the fruit be brought. Taste these dates: they are just gathered, and very good. Here, too, are some fine walnuts, and here some delicious raisins. Eat, and be not ashamed."

Shacabac's jaws were by this time weary of chewing nothing. "I assure thee," said he, "I am so full that I can not eat another morsel of this cheer."

"Well, then," said the joker, "we will now have the wine.—Boy, bring us the wine!—Here, my friend, take this cup: it will delight thee. Come, drink my health, and tell me if thou thinkest the wine good." But the wine, like the dinner and dessert, did not appear. However, he pretended to pour some out, and drank the first glass, after which he poured out another for his guest.

Shacabac took the imaginary glass, and, first holding it up to the light to see if it was of a good bright color, he put it to his nose to inhale its perfume; then, making a profound reverence to the Barmecide, he drank it off with every mark of keen appreciation. The Barmecide continued to pour out one bumper after another so frequently, that Shacabac, pretending that the wine had got into his head, feigned to be tipsy. This being the case, he raised his fist, and gave his host such a violent blow that he knocked him down. Whereupon the Barmecide shouted: "What, thou vilest of creation! Art thou mad?"

"O my master!" said Shacabac, "thou hast fed me with thy provisions, and regaled me with old wine; and I have become intoxicated, and committed an outrage upon thee. But thou art of too exalted dignity to be angry with me for my ignorance!" At which the Barmecide burst into laughter. "Come," said he, "I have long been looking for a man of thy character. Let us be friends. Thou hast kept up the jest in pretending to eat: now thou shalt make my house thy home, and eat in earnest."

Having said this, he clapped his hands. Several slaves instantly appeared, whom he ordered to set out the table and serve the dinner. His commands were quickly obeyed, and Shacabac now enjoyed in reality the good things of which he had before partaken only in dumb show.

—*From the Arabian Nights.*

Kindness is a precious oil that makes the crushing wheels of care seem lighter.

—*Eugene Field.*

OUR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN.



The kitchen of a New England matron was her throne-room, her pride; it was the habit of her life to produce the greatest possible results there with the slightest possible discomposure.

Everything there seemed to be always done and never doing. Washing and baking, those formidable disturbers of the composure of families, were all over with in those two or three morning-hours when we are composing ourselves for a last nap—and only the fluttering of linen over the green yard, on Monday mornings, proclaimed that the dreaded solemnity of a family washing had transpired.

A breakfast arose there as by magic; and in an incredibly short space after, every knife, fork, spoon, and trencher, clean and shining, was looking as innocent and

unconscious in its place as if it never had been used and never expected to be.

The floor, of snowy boards sanded with whitest sand; the ancient fireplace stretching quite across one end—a vast cavern, in each corner of which a cozy seat might be found distant enough to enjoy the crackle of the great jolly wood-fire. Across the room ran a dresser, on which was displayed great store of shining pewter dishes and plates, which always shone with the same mysterious brightness; and by the side of the fire, a commodious wooden “settee,” or settle, offered repose to people too little accustomed to luxury to ask for a cushion.

Oh, that kitchen of the olden times, the old, clean, roomy New England kitchen!—who that has breakfasted, dined, and supped in one has not cheery visions of its thrift, its warmth, its coolness? The noon-mark on its floor was a dial that told off some of the happiest days; thereby did great-grandmother right up the short-comings of the solemn old clock that tick-tacked in the corner, and whose ticks seemed mysterious prophecies of unknown good yet to arise out of the hours of life.

How dreamy the winter twilight came in here—when as yet the candles were not lighted—when the crickets chirped around the dark stone hearth, and shifting tongues of flame flickered and cast dancing shadows and elfish lights on the walls, while our great-grandmother nodded over her knitting work, and puss purred, and old Rover lay dreamily opening now one eye and then the other on the family group! With all our ceiled houses, let us not forget our grandmothers' kitchens!

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

Oh, good painter, tell me true,
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things that you never saw?
 Aye? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and corn-fields, a little brown —
 The picture must not be overbright —
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
 Always and always, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
 When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
 Under their tassels — cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around —
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound! —)
 These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide —
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush:
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the self-same way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and corn-fields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
 Oh, if I only could make you see
 The clear, blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face
 That are beaming on me all the while,
 I need not speak these foolish words:
 Yet one word tells you all I would say —
 She is my mother: you will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir: one like me —
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:
 At ten years old he went to sea —
 God knoweth if he be living now —
 He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*,
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news and she never came back.
 Ah, it is twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.

Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee:
That beauteous head, if it did go down,,
Carried sunshine into the sea!
Out in the fields, one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the
shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door,
And over the hay-stack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall, red mulberry-tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field
grew,
Dead at the top — just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our heads, when we came to play
In its hand-breadth of shadow, day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs—
The other, a bird held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,

But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.
 At last, we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face
 Of the urchin that is likest me:
 I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
 But that's no matter — paint it so;
 The eyes of our mother — (take good heed) —
 Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces down to our lies,
 And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise!
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went as
 though
 A sharp blade struck it through.

You, sir, know
 That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet —
 Woods and corn-fields and mulberry-tree —
 The mother — the lads, with their bird, at her knee:
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out. .

—Alice Cary.

THE HISTORY OF ROBIN HOOD.

PART I.

Robin Hood was a famous robber who lived in England in the reigns of King Henry the Second, King Richard the First, and King John. He was born in the year 1160, and lived to be quite an old man, although he was constantly sought after by the king's officers, who were commanded to kill him whenever they could find him; and such a terror was he to all peaceable people, that a great reward was, at last, offered for his capture, which made him an outlaw, cut off from the protection of the law of the land.

His true name was Robert Fitzooth, but it was gradually changed into Robin Hood. He was descended from a noble family, but was so wild, and so fond of roving about and using his bow and arrows, that he left his home for the forest and became a highway robber. His undaunted courage and cheerful comradeship made him a great favorite among his own band of followers; and there are a great many stories told of their wild life and of their many narrow escapes.

It must be remembered that England was quite barbarous in those days. The dense forests in the northern part were full of game, hunted by archers who were very skillful in using their bows and arrows — for this was long before the invention of fire-arms.

Robin Hood chose only the bravest men for his band, which contained about a hundred. They lived on the game they killed, and by robbing travelers, and often, in

disguise, they visited the towns and purchased many things for their comfort. According to the old stories, Robin Hood — to his credit, be it said — never robbed poor men, or ill-treated them. It was only the rich, and especially the priests and monks, that he loved to vex and injure, the latter more out of revenge, because they were most active in trying to effect his capture.

The history of Robin Hood's deeds is gathered chiefly from the old songs and ballads, of which there are many still sung in England. In one of these, we are told about his choosing Little John for his friend, who was always true to him, and who, through his bravery, did his leader many a good turn. Another song describes Robin's falling in love with a pretty shepherdess, named Clorinda, in Sherwood Forest. She was quite an archer herself, and could shoot a buck out of a herd of deer with as much ease as a man could do it.

That won Robin's admiration, and perhaps he thought that such a woman would make the right sort of a wife for one who was to live in the woods in such a wild and roving way. Therefore, having obtained her consent, he sent for the priest in the next town, and they were married in proper style, though we are not told much about their life afterwards.

Once he and his band of outlaws fell in with a man named Guy of Gisborne, who was seeking after him and had promised the sheriff of Nottinghamshire that he would surely find him and deliver him. Robin Hood began, at first, to talk very peaceably with this stranger, and soon learned what business brought him to the forest. Bold



BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

T. H. Robinson.

Robin offered to take him to where the robber chieftain could be secured, and they started on their way toward the thickest and loneliest part of the wood; and there Robin coolly informed Sir Guy that he, himself, was the man sought.

A great battle followed this discovery, which ended in Guy's being slain, after which Robin cut off the knight's head, and then changed clothes with him. Taking the horn from his side he blew a loud blast, which soon called around him the rest of the sheriff's men, who were, also, in pursuit of the robbers. When they came up, they easily mistook Robin for their own leader, Sir Guy. He, pointing to the fallen warrior, told them that he had killed Robin Hood, whereupon the deceived sheriff praised the supposed Guy much for the deed and they set off together, pretending to go in search of the rest of the band. Very soon they came to where Little John had been tied to a tree by some of the sheriff's party, and, loosing him quickly, Robin Hood placed in his hands Sir Guy's bow and arrows; and while the sheriff's back was turned—he not dreaming of the company he was in—Little John shot him in the back. Thus perished both Sir Guy of Gisborne and the sheriff.

Another story is told of his falling in with the Bishop of Hereford, who was passing through the Bansdale Forest, where Robin and his men were living at the time. When the bishop's party came along, the robbers, dressed in shepherds' clothes, were roasting their venison, at sight of which the travelers called out to know why they were having such a feast. Robin replied that they were shep-

herds and lived on sheep all the year; but to-day they were feasting on the king's fat deer.

At this, the bishop threatened to tell the king, and the bold robber begged his pardon. The bishop refusing to listen to his excuse, Robin blew his horn and summoned his whole band, who surrounded the bishop, and, by Robin's command, prepared to take his life. It was then—so the story goes—the bishop's turn to cry for pardon; but Robin led him to his own quarters, where the robbers took off his mantle, and, spreading it on the ground, poured out upon it all the money they found in his pouch, which proved to be several hundred pounds. They then let him go after exacting a promise that he would not betray them to the king.

PART II.

Another old ballad tells of an adventure of Robin Hood with a friar, or monk, of Fountaine Abbey. Robin had been told of the monk's bravery, and that he could match him or any of his men; so he set out to challenge the monk to a trial at archery.

Near to Fountaine Dale, he met the friar walking by the water side, and asked him if he would please to carry him over the stream. Silently the monk took Robin on his shoulders and carried him over to the other side without speaking; but when the outlaw had jumped off on to dry land, the friar insisted upon Robin's ferrying him back in like manner. This could not well be refused; but when they came again to the bank, Robin, determined to get the better of the cunning friar, begged him to carry him over once more.

The friar again started with Robin on his back; but when they came to the middle of the stream upset his load into the water, bidding him to take care of himself. Robin swam to the shore first, and then let fly one of his best arrows at the monk in the water. However, the friar was well protected by his steel armor, and Robin shot away all his arrows without harming him in the least. When all his arrows were gone, he drew his sword upon the monk, who knew well, also, how to use his own, and they fought a long time, until Robin was glad to beg the favor of a breathing spell.

"Let me blow three blasts on my horn," he asked, which being granted, the sound soon brought fifty or sixty outlaws to the spot, much to the monk's astonishment.

"Grant me, also, a favor," claimed the friar, and Robin could not, in honor, refuse, the monk having so willingly granted his own request. So he was allowed to whistle three times, upon which a great herd of large and fierce dogs came running to answer their master's call.

Two of the dogs tore Robin Hood's coat off his back, and the others kept watch for his men's arrows, catching them in their mouths as fast as they were shot at the monk. At last Little John, who was a splendid marksman, took aim at the dogs themselves and soon dispatched a large number of them. The friar, not liking the idea of losing his valuable animals, cried out to him to suspend operations until he and Robin could come to terms.

Robin finally promised the monk that if he would give up the abbey and leave the neighborhood, he should in return be paid a certain sum of money weekly, and

given a new suit of clothes on every holiday; and this being agreed to, the friar was allowed to go on his way.

The sheriff and other officers of the law were constantly contriving some trick by which to entrap Robin Hood; but nothing seemed to succeed. Once they prepared a match at archery, in which every one in the kingdom might join, the best archer to win the prize—a golden arrow with a silver shaft. This prize, he felt sure, would induce some of the outlaws to try their fortunes, and thus he hoped to secure them.

On the appointed day, a large number came to take part in the sport, and among them came Robin and many of his men, all dressed in different styles and colors to avoid suspicion; and they so mixed with the crowd that none could distinguish them from the other archers.

At last, the match was ended, and a certain man in a red suit was called up to receive the prize—the sheriff little thinking that it was Robin Hood himself. In fact, he felt much disappointed that none of the robbers had come to engage in the sport; and hence he was grieving and scolding at his poor success, at the very time that bold Robin and his men were rejoicing in the forest over their good fortunes.

But Robin could not rest till the sheriff knew who had gained the prize arrow. Accordingly he wrote a letter stating the facts. This he fastened to the head of an arrow, and sent it from his powerful bow away into the middle of the town, where some one picked it up and delivered it to the owner, the sheriff of Nottingham, who speedily read it, tore his hair, and raved like a madman to

think that he had been outwitted by the robber chieftain he had taken such pains to capture.

As time wore on, the depredations of these outlaws became so numerous, so daring, and so wholly outrageous, that the king, at length, published a decree that whoever would bring Robin Hood to him should have one thousand marks in gold as a reward. As a result, many companies of strong men were sent out to capture bold Robin and his band. But so winning was the outlaw leader's manner towards them, that Robin generally escaped without even a fight; and many who came as his enemies stayed behind as his friends. Thus his band was constantly increasing instead of diminishing.

At last, he became tired of this way of living, and, indeed, he was now growing to be an old man, not able to fight as he did in his younger days. Therefore, he sent a letter to the king offering to surrender himself, and promising to live quietly if he could be pardoned for his past offences. This letter was put upon an arrow-head, and Robin shot it far away into the town of Nottingham, where the king then was. But before the king's answer came, bold Robin Hood was no more!

According to the old stories and ballads, when his men heard that he had applied for pardon, they grew fearful of capture, having little hope of the king's mercy, and nearly all deserted him forthwith, causing Robin so much distress that he became quite ill, and soon after died; but whether from the illness, or through treachery, no one is quite certain.

His was a wild, barbarous age, when outlawry was

a common thing and human life in constant peril. Indeed, so lax were the morals of the day, that personal courage and deeds of daring were held in higher esteem than either law or religion. Therefore, it is little wonder that bold Robin Hood and his "merrie men" were extravagantly admired, even by those who used all wiles and strategies to capture them. Little wonder either that —with the mysterious wilds of Sherwood Forest as an appropriate and romantic background—Robin Hood, the prince of outlaws, became the hero of the most popular tales and ballads, fragments of which have survived through the centuries which lie between that age and our own, and are still read with interest—so universal and enduring is the respect felt for genuine bravery.

—*From Treasury of Fairy Tales.*

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE TWO PACKS.

There is an oriental legend that every man carries two packs, one in front, the other behind, and each pack is full of faults. The one in front holds the faults of others, and is always in direct range of the man's eyes. The other pack holds his own faults, and is so strapped upon his back that it is impossible for him to see it; hence, he often forgets its very existence.

THE FRONT-DOOR AND THE SIDE-DOOR.

Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted, with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim—"The Lord have mercy on your soul."

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes (Abridged).*

FROM "THE POET."



Let me go where'er I will
 I hear a sky-born music
 still:
 It sounds from all things
 old,
 It sounds from all things
 young;
 From all that's fair, from all
 that's foul,
 Peals out a cheerful song.
 It is not only in the rose,

 It is not only in the bird,
 Not only where the rainbow glows,
 Nor in the song of woman heard,
 But in the darkest, meanest things
 There alway, alway something sings.
 'Tis not in the high stars alone,
 Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
 Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
 Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
 But in the mud and scum of things,
 There alway, alway something sings.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THOUGHTS FROM EMERSON.

He who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.

Whoso fights, whoso falls,
Justice conquers evermore.

Higher than the question of our duration, is the question of our deserving.

Be, and not seem.

There is a guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.

A great integrity makes us immortal.

You never lift up a life without being yourself lifted up.

He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled.

Let us lie low in the Lord's power and learn that truth alone makes rich and great.

To make our word or act sublime, we must make it real.

How it comes to us in silent hours, that truth is our only armor in all passages of life and death.

Never a sincere word was utterly lost.

A man is a bundle of relations, a knot of roots, whose flower and fruitage is the world.

The ancestor of every action is a thought.

The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy.

Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace.

Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God.
Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application
of it to affairs.

The key to every man is his thought.
Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine per-
ceptions.

In nature there are no false valuations.
Let us be silent,— so we may hear the whisper of
the gods.

The only gift is a portion of thyself.
All things exist in the man tinged with the manners
of his soul.

No institution will be better than the institutor.
We have seen many counterfeits, but we are born
believers in great men.

A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.
When a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet
as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

Personal force never goes out of fashion.
A divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a friend
is the hope of the heart.

The whole of heraldry and of chivalry is in courtesy.
He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base
to receive favors and render none.

Real service will not lose its nobleness.
We pass for what we are. Character teaches above
our wills.

A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it
gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the
finest of the fine arts.

MARY MALONEY'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Why are you singing?" said I to Mary Maloney.

"Oh, I don't know, ma'am, only I feel happy."

"Happy, Mary Maloney? Let me see; you don't own a foot of land in the world?"

"Foot of land, is it?" she cried, with a hearty Irish laugh; "ye be after joking! I haven't a penny."

"Your mother is dead?"

"God rest her soul, yes;" replied Mary Maloney, with a touch of genuine pathos.

"Your brother is still a hard case?"

"You may well say that! It's but drink, drink, drink!"

"You have your little sister's board to pay?"

"Sure, the bit creature; I don't grudge the money for that! She's a good little thing, is Kitty."

"You have no fashionable dresses at all?"

"Fashionable, is it? Ye says true! I hasn't but two gowns to me back."

"You haven't any lover, Mary Maloney?"

"No, no, thank Heaven! I haven't got that to trouble me yet, nor I don't want it."

"What on earth, then, have you to make you happy?"

"Where do you get all your happiness from?" said I.

"The Lord be praised, it growed up in me. A bit of sunshine, plenty of work, and a sup at the right time, make me laugh and sing. Then if trouble comes, God helpin', I'll keep me heart up. Sure, 'twould be a sad thing if Patrick McGrue should come and ax me, but, the Lord willin', I'd try to bear up under it."

— *Selected.*

THE COMICAL CHEBEC.

I had taken a long journey and penetrated into one of the obscure corners of New England, a far corner near the top of the map. I had taken possession of a charming room looking from one window into the woods, from the other down the only road leading to the every-day world. I had spent the usual hours "getting settled," and then I drew the one comfortable chair up to the window and seated myself to see who might be my neighbors.

I found myself at once an object of interest to a small personage in sober brown, standing on a half-dead tree near the house. He greeted me with a quick, emphatic "phit!" plainly resenting the opening of a window into his domain.

I saw with regret that I had pitched my tent beside the smallest of the flycatchers, the chebec. I say with regret, for I had never felt inclined to make his acquaintance. I had taken the verdict of the books as final. He was simply the least of the flycatchers, and nothing more was to be said about him.

I found on closer acquaintance, however, that—as usual—the books do not tell everything. My small neighbor proved to be a character, a person of ideas, and of individuality as pronounced as if his measure had been in feet instead of inches. It was evident that in his estimation the epithet "least" did not apply to anything about him, not even to his size, for have we not kinglets and humming birds?

As days passed and I learned to know him better and

appreciate his untiring vigilance, I wondered that the little fellow allowed me to sit at my window so near him; and if he had really resented it, he had it in his power to make it so uncomfortable for me that I should have been forced to abandon my seat. He did feel some misgivings, I am sure, for he kept a stern eye upon my slightest movement, and often expressed his sentiments with vehemence, though unfortunately—or perhaps, rather, fortunately, for my peace of mind—I could not understand him.

Sometimes chebec took no notice of me, or dismissed my case as if I had become too obvious, with a contemptuous "phit"; but again he would sit on the fence ten feet from my window, with his crest raised and looking very fierce, and address a good many remarks to me, which his manner forbade me to consider complimentary.

Once or twice he came nearer than usual, hovered before my window, poised gracefully on beating wings, taking observations and making remarks which I was sure were not altogether flattering. Yet I felt that I deserved well of him; for, if I did spy upon him, I never intruded beyond my bounds. The window sill was my limit, and how much farther my field glass took me he could not be supposed to know.

The least flycatcher is the most bumptious fellow I know. Not only does he demand a whole tree—sometimes more than one—to himself, a claim totally absurd for such a little fellow, but he will scarcely allow another bird in his neighborhood. My small friend was a fair representative of his family. If a bluebird came with his sweet call to the maple, instantly chebec precipitated himself

upon him with savage cries, crest erect and as fierce as if the lovely blue visitor were a hawk.

He was far more self-assertive than any of his relatives. No king-bird, notwithstanding his belligerent reputation, can compare in this quality with the insignificant-looking fellow, no bigger than one's thumb, which is called the least of the flycatchers.

While sitting at my window I would sometimes hear a strange bird-voice on the tree, and very carefully I would peep out to see. But chebec was always there before me, perched on the lower limb, turning his head this way and that. I knew his eyes were quicker than mine, and his position better, so I would look at him to see in which direction to turn my eyes. In an instant he would dart off toward the top of the tree, and something would vanish in a hurry. I was never quick enough to see the stranger.

There was once an amusing scene between chebec and a robin. The robin alighted on the fence nearer the old tree than was agreeable to its fiery little resident, who flung himself upon the larger bird with his harshest cry. The robin departed — and who would not before such a catapult? — but in an instant he returned with loud cries of rage and defiance, going through his whole vocabulary of insulting, mocking and taunting notes, flirting his tail and jerking his wings, daring the small foe to try it again.

He was evidently furious that he had been surprised into flight, and wished to wipe out the shame of it by his vehement defiance. Long after chebec returned to his own business the robin continued to remonstrate and explain from the fence.

To all these demonstrations, though they continued for half an hour, chebec, calm in his own tree, was perfectly indifferent. What he wanted was to make the robin leave his premises, and that he had done. What the robin said about it afterward did not concern him in the least. He possessed the true flycatcher temperament.

Curiously enough, the only bird who refused to leave at the bidding of this peremptory personage was one of nearly his own size, and with no reputation for belligerency, a white-breasted nuthatch, a mother at that, with a little one following her about.

When a chebec descended upon the pair like a small tornado, Mamma Nuthatch met him with defiance, actually running at him, driving him back to his own tree and then quietly resuming her way, calmly uttering her quaint "quank! quank!" and stuffing innumerable morsels into the mouth of her charge.

Madam Chebec is fully as bumptious as her mate. One that I knew laid claim to a row of five trees, because she had a nest in one of them. She drove away chickadees, purple finches, and indeed any birds she could intimidate by hurling herself upon them.

At another time I caught one of these birds — presumably the female, as she was building — helping herself to a neighbor's goods. An oriole was building her hammock in an elm; and chebec would wait on a neighboring tree till the builder and her devoted protector had gone for material, and then, approaching the half-finished nest in wary fashion, she would hover before it and twitch at the loose ends till she pulled out a mouthful, with which she

would fly away. Three or four times an hour this little performance took place, and the flycatcher's nest in an apple tree by the barn grew apace. Whether one or both of the pair were at work I could not determine.

The flycatchers, though usually rather plainly dressed, are certainly most useful in their lives. We have dubbed them tyrants, a name which few of them deserve; and we have classed them among songless birds, though the best known of them, the kingbird, the wood-pewee and the phœbe at least, have each a sweet, though not very loud song. As a family, flycatchers are not nervous. Any one of them that I know will let one stare at pleasure at their home life. Apparently they are sure that the nest is safe, and they have a sublime confidence in their ability to defend their own.

What should commend them above all to our friendship is this, that not one of them, so far as I know, ever disturbs the fruits of the earth that we claim as our own. Their food, without exception, is insects that are a pest to us. Even the kingbird, which is accused of eating bees, has been proved to take only the drones. For once, a name has been properly bestowed. In fact as in name, these intelligent little fellows are flycatchers.

—*Olive Thorne Miller.*

By permission of "Our Animal Friends."

Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.

“ Though something I might plain,” he said,
“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king’s behest,
While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand.”

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:

“ My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone:
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burned Marmion’s swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And “ This to me!” he said;
“ An ’twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion’s had not spared
To cleave the Douglas’ head!

And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate.
 "And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 I tell thee thou'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! —
 Up drawbridge, grooms! — what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned — well was his need —
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous grate behind him rung;
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Nor lighter does the swallow skim,
 Along the smooth lake's level brim.
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR.

Fortune once suddenly appeared to a beggar who carried a ragged old wallet and grumbled incessantly over his hard lot.

"Look you," said Fortune. "I have long desired to help you. Open your wallet and I will fill it with ducats. You shall have all it will hold on one condition only: all that fall into the wallet shall be gold; but should one fall outside, all will turn into dust. Your wallet is old: don't overload it."

The overjoyed beggar opened his wallet and the ducats fell in a golden stream, soon making the wallet heavy. "That is enough said Fortune; "stop while you are safe; the wallet is sure to burst."

But the greedy beggar, against repeated warnings, insisted upon having more, and still more, until the wallet burst, the treasure turned to dust—and Fortune disappeared, leaving the beggar with his wallet as empty as before.

—*Russian Fable.*

THE LINLEY SCHOOL.

SIDNEY TROVE.

A remarkable figure was young Sidney Trove, the new teacher in District Number One. He was nearing nineteen years of age that winter.

"I like that," he said to the trustee, who had been telling him of the unruly boys—great, hulking fellows that made trouble every winter term. "Trouble—it's a grand thing!—but I'm not selfish, and if I find any, I'll agree to divide it with the boys. I don't know but I'll be generous and let them have the most of it. If they put me out of the schoolhouse, I'll have learned something."

The trustee looked at the six feet and two inches of bone and muscle that sat lounging in a chair—looked from end to end of it. "What's that?" he inquired smiling.

"That I've no business there," said young Mr. Trove.

"I guess you'll dew," said the trustee. "Make 'em toe the line; that's all I got t' say."

"And all I've got to do is my best—I don't promise any more," the other answered modestly, as he rose to leave.

Linley School was at the four corners in Pleasant Valley—a low, frame structure, small and weathered gray. Windows, with no shade, or shutter, were set, two on a side, in perfect apposition. A passing traveler could see through them to the rocky pasture beyond.

Who came there for knowldge, though a fool, was dubbed a "scholar." Every winter morning the scholar entered a little vestibule which was part of the woodshed.

He passed an ash barrel and the odor of drying wood, hung cap and coat on a peg in the closet, lifted the latch of a pine door, and came into the school-room, which, if before nine, would be noisy with shout and laughter, the buzz of tongues, the tread of running feet.

Big girls, in neat aprons, would be gossiping at the stove hearth; small boys would be chasing each other up and down aisles and leaping the whittled desks of pine; little girls, in checked flannel, or homespun, would be circling in a song play; big boys would be trying feats of strength that ended in loud laughter.

So it was, the first morning of that winter term in 1850. A tall youth who stood by the window, suddenly gave a loud "sh-h-h!" Running feet fell silently and halted; words begun with a shout ended in a whisper. A boy making caricatures at the blackboard dropped his chalk, that now fell noisily. A whisper, heavy with awe and expectation, flew hissing from lip to lip — "The teacher!" There came a tramping in the vestibule, the door-latch jumped with a loud rattle, and in came Sidney Trove. All eyes were turned upon him. A look of rectitude, dovelike and too good to be true, came over many faces.

"Good morning!" said the young man, removing his cap, coat and overshoes. Some nodded, dumb with timidity. Only a few little ones had the bravery to speak up, as they gave back the words in a tone that would have fitted a golden text. He came to the roaring stove and stood a moment, warming his hands. A group of the big boys were in the corner whispering. Two were sturdy and quite six feet tall — the Beach boys.

"Big as a bull moose," one whispered.

"An' stouter," said another.

The teacher took a pencil from his pocket and tapped the desk. "Please take your seats," said he.

All obeyed. Then he went around with the roll and took their names, of which there were thirty-four.

Then the teacher became very dignified. He knew it was going to be a hard day. For a little, he wondered if he had not been foolish, after all, in trying a job so difficult and so perilous. If he should be thrown out of school, he felt sure it would ruin him. As he turned to begin the work of teaching, it seemed to him a case of do or die, and felt the strength of an ox in his heavy muscles.

The big boys had settled themselves in a back corner side by side—a situation too favorable for mischief. He asked them to take other seats. They complied sullenly and with hesitation. He looked over books, organized the school in classes, and started one of them on its way. It was the primer class, including a half dozen very small boys and girls. They shouted each word in the reading lesson, labored in silence with another, and gave voice again with unabated energy. In their pursuit of learning they bayed like hounds. Their work began upon this ancient and informing legend, written to indicate the shout and skip of the youthful student.

The—sun—is—up—and—it—is—day—day?—day.

"You're afraid," the teacher began after a little. "Come up here close to me!" They came to his chair and stood about him. Some were confident, others hung back suspicious and untamed.

"We're going to be friends," said he, in a low, gentle voice. He took from his pocket a lot of cards and gave one to each. "Here's a story," he continued. "See—I put it in plain print for you with pen and ink. It's all about a bear and a boy, and is in ten parts. Here's the first chapter. Take it home with you to-night—"

He stopped suddenly. He had turned in his chair and could see none of the boys. He did not move, but slowly took off a pair of glasses he had been wearing. "Joe Beach," said he, coolly, "come out here on the floor."

There was a moment of dead silence. That big youth—the terror of Linley School—was now red and dumb with amazement. His deviltry had begun, but how had the teacher seen it with his back turned? "I'll think it over," said the boy, sullenly.

The teacher laid down his book, calmly walked to the seat of the young rebel, took him by the collar and the back of the neck, tore him out of the place where his hands and feet were clinging like the roots of a tree, dragged him roughly to the aisle and over the floor space, taking part of the seat along, and stood him to the wall with a bang that shook the windows. There was no halting—it was all over in half a minute.

"You'll please remain there," said he, coolly, "until I tell you to sit down."

Then he turned his back on the bully, walked slowly to his chair, and opened his book again.

"Take it home with you to-night," said he, continuing his talk to the primer class. "Spell it over, so you won't

have to stop long between words. All who read it well to-morrow will get another chapter."

They began to study at home. Wonder grew, and pleasure came with labor as the tale went on.

He dismissed the primer readers, calling the first class in geography. As they took their places he repaired the broken seat, a part of which had been torn off the nails. The fallen rebel stood leaning, his back to the school. He had expected help, but the reserve force had failed him. "Joe Beach — you may take your seat," said the teacher, in a kind of parenthetical tone.

"Geography starts at home," he continued, beginning the recitation. "Who can tell me where is the Linley schoolhouse?"

A dozen hands went up.

"You tell," said he to one.

"It's here," was the answer.

"Where's here?"

A boy looked thoughtful.

"Nex' t' Joe Linley's cow-pasture," he ventured presently.

"Will you tell us?" the teacher asked, looking at a bright-eyed girl.

"In Faraway, New York," said she, glibly.

"Tom Linley, I'll take that," said the teacher, in a lazy tone. He was looking down at his book. Where he sat, facing the class, he could see none of the boys without turning. But he had not turned. To the wonder of all, he spoke as Tom Linley was handing a slip of paper to Joe Beach. There was a little pause. The

young man hesitated, rose, and walked nervously down the aisle.

“Thank you,” said the teacher, as he took the message and flung it on the fire, unread. “Faraway, New York;” he continued on his way to the blackboard as if nothing had happened.

He drew a circle, indicating the four points of the compass on it. Then he mapped the town of Faraway and others, east, west, north, and south of it. So he made a map of the county and bade them copy it. Around the county in succeeding lessons he built a map of the state. Others in the middle group were added, the structure growing, day by day, until they had mapped the hemisphere.

At the Linley schoolhouse something had happened. Cunning no sooner showed its head than it was bruised like a serpent, brawny muscle had been easily outdone, boldness had grown timid, conceit had begun to ebb. A serious look had settled upon all faces. Every scholar had learned one thing, learned it well and quickly—it was to be no playroom.

In every subject the teacher took a new way not likely to be hard upon tender feet. For each lesson he had a method of his own. He angled for the interest of the class and caught it. With some a term of school had been as a long sickness, lengthened by the medicine of books and the surgery of the beech rod. They had resented it with ingenious deviltry. The confusion of the teacher and some incidental fun were its only compensations.

The young man gave his best thought to the correction of this mental attitude.

THE LINLEY SCHOOL. (*Continued.*)

THE VISITOR.

Every seat was filled at the Linley School next morning. The tinker had come to see Trove and sat behind the big desk as work began.

"There are two kinds of people," said the teacher, after all were seated—"those that command, those that obey. No man is fit to command until he has learned to obey—he will not know how. The one great thing life has to teach you is—obey. There was a young bear once that was bound to go his own way. The old bear told him it wouldn't do to jump over a precipice, but, somehow, he couldn't believe it and jumped. 'Twas the last thing he ever did. It's often so with the young. Their own way is apt to be rather steep and to end suddenly.

"There are laws everywhere—we couldn't live without them—laws of nature, God, and man. Until we learn the law and how to obey it, we must go carefully and take the advice of older heads. We couldn't run a school without laws in it—laws that I must obey as well as you. I must teach, and you must learn. The first two laws of the school are teach and learn—you must help me to obey mine; I must help you to obey yours. And we'll have as much fun as possible; but we must obey."

Then Trove invited Darrel to address the school.

"Dear children," the tinker began with a smile, "I mind ye're all looking me in the face, an' I do greatly fear ye. I fear I may say something ye will remember, an' again I fear I may not. For when I speak to the young—

ah! then it seems to me God listens. I heard the teacher speaking o' the law of obedience. Which o' ye can tell me who is the great master—the one ye must never disobey?"

"Yer father," said one of the boys.

"Nay, me bright lad, one o' these days ye may lose father, an' mother, an' teacher, an' friend. Let me tell a story, an' then, mayhap, ye'll know the great master. Once upon a time, there was a young cub who thought his life a burden because he had to mind his mother. By an' by a bullet killed her, an' he was left alone. He wandered away, not knowing what to do, and came near the land o' men. Soon he met an old bear.

"'Foolish cub! Why go ye to the land o' men?' said the old bear. 'Thy legs are not as long as my tail. Go home an' obey thy mother.'

"'But I've none to obey,' said the young bear; an' before he could turn, a ball came whizzing over a dingle an' ripped into his ham. The old bear had scented danger an' was already out o' the way. The cub made off limping, an' none too quickly. They followed him all day, an' when night came he was the most weary an' bedraggled bear in the woods. But he stopped the blood an' went away on a dry track in the morning.

"He came to a patch o' huckleberries that day and began to help himself. Then quick an' hard he got a cuff on the head that tore off an ear and knocked him into the bushes. When he rose, there stood the old bear. 'Ah, me young cub,' said he, 'ye'll have a master now.'

"'An' no more need o' him,' said the young bear, shaking his bloody head.

"'Nay, ye will prosper,' said the old bear. 'There are two ways o' learning — by hearsay an' by knocks. Much ye may learn by knocks, but they are painful. There be two things every one has to learn — respect for himself; respect for others. Ye'll know, hereafter, in the land o' men a bear has to keep his nose up an' his ears open — because men hurt. Ye'll know better, also, than to feed on the ground of another bear — because he hurts. Now, were I a cub an' had none to obey, I'd obey meself. Ye know what's right, do it; ye know what's wrong, do it not.'

"'One thing is sure,' said the young bear, as he limped away; 'if I live, there'll not be a bear in the woods that'll take any better care of himself.'

"Now, the old bear knew what he was talking about. He was, I maintain, a wise an' remarkable bear. We learn to obey others, so that by and by we may know how to obey ourselves. The great master of each man is himself. By words or by knocks, ye will learn what is right and ye must do it.

"Dear children, ye must soon be yer own masters. There be many cruel folk in the world, but ye have only one to fear — yerself. Ah! ye shall find him a hard man, for, if ye be much offended, he will make ye drink o' the cup o' fire. Learn to obey yerselves, an' God help ye."

Thereafter, many began to look into their own hearts for that fearful master, and some discovered him.

— *Irving Bacheller.*

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Publishers.

IN THE CITY OF THE FIELD.

PART I.

THE Two BATTLES.

In the midst of dinner, they heard an outcry in the yard. Tom's game-cock had challenged the old rooster, and the two were leaping and striking with foot and wing. Before help came the old rooster was badly cut in the neck and breast. Tunk rescued him and brought him to the wood-shed, where Trove sewed up his wounds; but he had scarcely finished when there came a louder outcry among the fowls.

Looking out they saw a gobbler striding slowly up the path and leading the game-cock with a firm hold on the back of his neck. The whole flock of fowls were following. The rooster held back and came on with long but unequal strides. Never halting, the turkey led him into the full publicity of the open yard. Now the cock was lifted so his feet came only to the top of the grass; now his head was bent low, and his feet fell heavily. Through it all the gobbler bore himself with dignity and firmness.

There was no show of wrath or unnecessary violence. He swung the cock around near the foot of the maple tree and walked him back and then returned with him. Half his journey the poor cock was reaching for the grass and was then lowered quickly, so he had to walk with bent knees. Again and again the gobbler walked up and down with him before the assembled flock. Hens and geese cackled loudly and clapped their wings. Applause and derision rose high each time the poor cock swung around, reaching for the grass. But the gobbler continued his

even stride, deliberately, and as it seemed, thoughtfully, applying correction to the quarrelsome bird.

Walking the grass tips had begun to tire those reach-ing legs. The cock soon straddled along with a serious eye and an open mouth. But the gobbler gave him no rest. When, at length, he released his hold, the game-cock lay weary and wild-eyed, with no more fight in him than a bunch of rags. Soon he rose and ran away and hid himself in the stable. The culprit fowl was then tried, convicted, and sentenced to the block.

"It's the fate of all the fighters that have only a selfish cause," said the teacher. He was sitting on the grass, Polly, and Tom, and Paul beside him. "Look here," said he, suddenly. "I'll show you another fight."

All gathered about him. Down among the grass roots an ant stood facing a big, hairy spider. The ant backed away, presently, and made a little detour, the spider turning quickly and edging toward him. The ant stood motionless, the spider on tiptoe, with daggers drawn. The big, hairy spider leaped like a lion to its prey. They could see her striking with the fatal knives, her great body quivering with fierce energy. The little ant was hidden beneath it. Some uttered a cry of pity, and Paul was for taking sides.

"Wait a moment," said the teacher, restraining his hand. The spider had begun to tremble in a curious manner. "Look now," said Trove, with some excitement.

Her legs had begun to let go and were straightening stiff on both sides of her. In a moment she tilted sideways and lay still. They saw a twinkle of black legs and the ant making off in the stubble. They picked up the spider's

body; it was now only an empty shell. Her big stomach had been torn away and lay in little strips and chunks, down at the roots of the stubble.

"It's the end of a bit of history," said the teacher, as he tore away the curved blades of the spider and put them in Polly's palm. "Let's see where the ant goes."

He got down upon his hands and knees and watched the little black tiger, now hurrying for his lair. In a moment he was joined by others, and presently they came into a smooth little avenue under the grass. It took them into the edge of the meadow, around a stalk of mullein, where there were a number of webs.

"There's where she lived, this hairy old woman," said the teacher, "up there in that tower. See her snares in the grass, four of them?"

He rapped on the stalk of mullein with a stick, peering into the dusty little cavern of silk near the top of it. "Sure enough! Here is where she lived; for the house is empty, and there's living prey in the snares," said he.

"What a weird old thing!" said Polly. "Can you tell us more about her?"

"Well, every summer," said Trove, "a great city grows up in the field. There are shady streets in it, no wider than a cricket's back, and millions living in nest and tower and cave and cavern. Among its people are toilers and idlers, lawkeepers and lawbreakers, thieves and highwaymen, grand folk and plain folk.

"Here is the home of the greatest criminal in the city of the field. See! it is between two leaves, one serving as roof, the other as floor and portico. Here is a long cable

that comes out of her sitting room and slopes away to the big snare below. Look at her sheets of silk in the grass. It's like a washing that's been hung out to dry. From each a slender cord of silk runs to the main cable.

"Even a fly's kick or a stroke of his tiny wing must have gone up the tower and shaken the floor of the old lady, maybe, with a sort of thunder. Then she ran out and down the cable to rush upon her helpless prey. She was an arrant highwayman, this old lady, a creature of craft and violence. She was no sooner married than she slew her husband — a timid thing smaller than she — and ate him at one meal.

"You know the ants are a busy people. This road was probably a thoroughfare for their freight — eggs and cattle and wild rice. I'll warrant she used to lie and wait for them; and woe to the little traveler if she caught him unawares, for she could nip him in two with a single thrust of her knives. Then she would seize the egg he bore and make off with it.

"Now the ants are cunning. They found her down stairs and cut her off from her home and drove her away into the grass jungle. I've no doubt she faced a score of them, but, being a swift climber, with lots of rope in her pocket, was able to get away. The soldier ants began to beat the jungle. They separated, content to meet her singly, knowing she would refuse to fight if confronted by more than one. And you know what happened to her."

All that afternoon they spent in the city of the field. The life of the birds in the great maple interested them most of all.



THE ROBIN'S INN.

A big maple sheltered the house of the widow Vaughn. After the noon hour of a summer day its tide of shadow began flowing fathoms deep over house and garden to the near field, where finally it joined the great flood of night. The maple was indeed a robin's inn at some crossing of

the invisible roads of the air. Its green dome towered high above and fell to the gable end of the little house. Its deep and leafy thatch hid every timber of its frame save the rough column. Its trunk was the main beam, each limb a corridor, each tier of limbs a floor, and branch rose above branch like steps in a stairway.

Up and down the high dome of the maple were a thousand balconies overlooking the meadow. From its highest tier, of a summer morning the notes of the bobolink came rushing off his lyre, and farther down the golden robin sounded his piccolo. But, chiefly, it was the home and refuge of the familiar red-breasted robin.

The inn had its ancient customs. Each young bird, leaving his cradle, climbed in his own stairway till he came out upon a balcony and got a first timid look at field and sky. There he might try his wings and keep in the world he knew by using bill and claw on the lower tiers.

At dawn the great hall of the maple rang with music, for every lodger paid his score with song. Therein it was ever cool, and clean, and shady, though the sun were hot. Its every nook and cranny was often swept and dusted by the wind. Its branches leading up and outward to the green wall were as innumerable stairways. Each separate home was out on rocking beams, with its own flicker of skylight overhead.

For a time at dusk there was a continual flutter of weary wings at the lower entrance, a good-night twitter, and a sound of tiny feet climbing the stairways in that gloomy hall. At last, there was a moment of gossip and then silence on every floor. There seemed to be a night-

watch in the lower hall, and if any green young bird were late and noisy going up to his home, he got a shaking and probably lost a few feathers from the nape of his neck. Long before daybreak those hungry, half-clad little people of the nests began to worry and crowd their mothers. At first, the old birds tried to quiet them with caressing movements, and had, at last, to hold their places with bill and claw. As light came, an old cock peered about him, stretched his wings, climbed a stairway, and blew his trumpet on the outer wall. The robin's day had begun.

Mid-autumn, when its people shivered and found fault and talked of moving, the maple tried to please them with new and brighter colors — gold, with the warmth of summer in its look; scarlet, suggesting love and the June roses. Soon it stood bare and deserted. Then what was there in the creak-and-whisper chorus of the old tree for one listening in the night? Belike it might be many things, according to the ear, but was it not often something to make one think of that solemn message: "Man that is born of a woman is of a few days and full of trouble?"

They that lived in that small house under the trees knew little of all that passed in the big world. Trumpet blasts of fame, thunder of rise and downfall, came faintly to them. There the delights of art and luxury were unknown. Yet those simple folk were acquainted with pleasure and even with thrilling and impressive incidents. Field and garden teemed with eventful life and hard by was the great city of the woods.

—*Irving Bacheller.*

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LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.

O young Lochinvar is come out of the West!
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
 And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There was never a knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
 The bride had consented,— the gallant came late;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
 all.

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
 sword,—

For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,—
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter;— my suit you denied:
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
 To lead but one measure,— drink one cup of wine;
 There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up;
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye;
 He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar;—
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
 plume,
 And the maidens whispered, “ ‘Twere better, by far,
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, where the charger
 stood near;
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung;—
 “She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow!” quoth young
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby
 clan;
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
 ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea,
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war;
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A BUFFALO HUNT.

(1842.)

As we were riding along a bank, soon after passing Fort Laramie, a great herd of buffalo came crowding up from the river. They had been down to the water to drink. The wind was favorable; the morning was cool; the distance across the prairie gave us a good chance to charge upon them. It was too good a chance to be lost. Kit Carson, Maxwell, and I started out on our horses for the chase.

The herd was a half mile away. We rode till we were about three hundred yards from them before they saw us coming. Then they began to run hither and thither. They had seen us and were preparing for a stampede. We urged our horses on, and for a time rode breast to breast with them. We were closing in upon them rapidly, and those in front were tearing along like the wind. Once in a while one in the rear would turn and face us, then dash on after the rest. We were rushing over the ground like a hurricane, when Carson gave the hunter's shout to charge, and we broke upon the herd.

We entered at one side, and the herd gave way before us. Many of them were thrown to the ground, and the rest scattered in all directions. My own horse was a trained hunter; and with eyes flashing and the foam flying from his mouth, he set upon one buffalo like a hungry tiger. We came up along side, I fired, and the creature fell at our feet. Then I looked around to see what Carson was doing. He, too, had just shot down a buffalo, and away in the distance Maxwell's gun, too, was heard.

Between me and the hill, the body of the herd was still dashing on. I turned my horse, and again we dashed after them. The thick cloud of dust blinded and stifled me so that I could not see the herd. They crowded closer and closer together; still I could see nothing, and my horse nearly leaped upon them. Then the herd divided. My horse rushed into the gap.

Five or six of the maddened creatures charged upon us, but we left them far behind. Singling out one in the herd, I fired. My aim was too high; the buffalo leaped into the air with a roar, then scurried on swifter than before.

But we were reaching now a prairie-dog village. I reined up my horse, and the herd tore by like the wind. It was dangerous to pursue them among the mounds, and they stretched in all directions not less than two miles.

Meantime, Carson had been attacked by another. With a great roar one had charged upon him, horns down, and heels in air. Then Carson, too, charged, and the buffalo turned and fled. Carson pursued and fired. The bullet only wounded the animal, however, and with another roar, he turned and charged again. Just then Carson's horse stumbled in the mounds of the prairie-dog village, and the rider was thrown.

It was now a race for life. The buffalo was in swift pursuit. There was no time to reload. But one thing was possible—to reach the river. On they flew—the buffalo gaining at every bound. His roars filled the air. Already his hot breath was close upon him, when the river was reached, and Carson sprang into the water. For an instant the maddened buffalo stared. Then he raised his head and

bellowed; he shook his great mane and braced his forefeet; he kicked his heels high in the air and roared again.

But all this did Kit Carson no harm, for he was safe in the water, or at least beyond the reach of the angry foe. It was only a question of how long the buffalo would keep him there, for the infuriated animal seemed to understand the situation. He bellowed and bellowed, then turned and began to eat grass, keeping his eye always on his prisoner. How long this might have gone on, no one can know. Fortunately Maxwell saw the dilemma, and crept up behind the buffalo; and so busy was the creature watching Carson, that he did not discover the approach of danger. When Maxwell raised his gun, he fell, shot through the heart.

John C. Fremont (Adapted).

O, wad some power the giftie gi'e us
 To see oursel's as ithers see us!
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us
 And foolish notion;
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
 And e'en devotion!

—*Robert Burns.*

Work itself does not overtax one. It is friction that really tears down one's being. Work is beneficial. It strengthens one's hold on life; but work and antagonism together dissipate vital forces.

—*M. V. O'Shea.*

WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CONDUCT.

1. Reproach none for the infirmities of nature, nor delight to put them that have in mind thereof.
2. Do not express joy before one sick or in pain; for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery.
3. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
4. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.
5. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.
6. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.
7. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.
8. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.
9. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.
10. Run not in the streets; neither go too slowly, nor with mouth open. Go not shaking your arms, stamping or shuffling; nor pull up your stockings in the street. Walk not upon the toes, nor in a dancing or skipping manner,

nor yet with measured steps. Strike not the heels together, nor stoop when there is no occasion.

11. Eat not in the streets, nor in the house out of season.

12. While you are talking, point not with your finger at him of whom you discourse, nor approach too near him to whom you talk, especially to his face.

13. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

14. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

15. Drink not, nor talk with your mouth full; neither gaze about you while drinking.

16. Use no reproachable language against any one; neither curse nor revile.

17. If you cough, sneeze, sigh, or yawn, do it not loud, but privately: and speak not in your yawning, but put your handkerchief, or hand, before your face, and turn aside.

18. When you sit down, keep your feet firm and even, without putting one on the other, or crossing them.

19. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly, with respect to times and places.

20. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

21. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.
22. Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.
23. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is a time to converse.
24. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.
25. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.
26. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.
27. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him till his speech be ended.
28. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.
29. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

THE KING OF THE PLOW.

The sword is re-sheathed in its scabbard,
 The rifle hangs safe on the wall;
 No longer we quail at the hungry
 Hot rush of the ravenous ball;
 The war-cloud has hurled its last lightning,
 Its last awful thunders are still,
 While the demon of conflict in Hades
 Lies fettered in force as in will:
 Above the broad fields that he ravaged,
 What monarch rules blissfully now?
 Oh! crown him with bays that are bloodless,
 The king, the brave king of the plow!

A king? aye! what ruler more potent
 Has ever swayed earth by his nod?
 A monarch? aye, more than a monarch,
 A homely but bountiful god!
 He stands where in earth's sure protection
 The seed-grains are scattered and sown,
 To uprise in serene resurrection
 When spring her soft trumpet hath blown!
 A monarch! yea, more than a monarch,
 Though toil-drops are thick on his brow:
 Oh! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf,
 The king, the strong king of the plow!

Through the shadow and shine of past ages,
 (While tyrants were blinded with blood)

He reared the pure ensign of Ceres
 By meadow, and mountain, and flood,
 And the long leafy gold of his harvests
 The earth-sprites and air-sprites had spun,
 Grew rhythmic when swept by the breezes,
 Grew royal, when kissed by the sun:
 Before the stern charm of his patience
 What rock-rooted forces must bow!
 Come! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-leaf,
 The king, the bold king of the plow!

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

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In civic strife we have little use for men who mean well, but do so feebly. The man who makes himself a force for cleanliness, for civic righteousness, is the man who counts. First he must have honesty, then courage, for the timid good man avails little in doing the world's work. Lastly, and above all, he must have common sense. Without this he is at the mercy of those who, without his desire to do right, know only too well how to make wrong effective.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

To do one's next duty is to take a step towards all that is worth possessing. It is the one step which may be taken without regard to consequences; and there is no successful life which is not made up of steps thus consecutively taken.

—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

Gentlemen, I came here to confer with you as friends and countrymen, to speak my own mind and hear yours; but if we all should speak, and occupy as much time as I have, we should make a late meeting. I shall detain you no longer. I have been long in public life, longer, far longer than I shall remain there. I have had some participation for more than thirty years in the councils of the nation. I profess to feel a strong attachment to the liberty of the United States, to the Constitution and free institutions of this country, to the honor, and I may say the glory, of my native land. I feel every injury inflicted upon it, almost as a personal injury. I blush for every fault which I think I see committed in its public councils, as if they were faults or mistakes of my own.

I know that, at this moment, there is no object upon earth so much attracting the gaze of the intelligent and civilized nations of the earth as this great republic. All men look at us, all men examine our course, all good men are anxious for a favorable result to this great experiment of republican liberty. We are on a hill and cannot be hid. We cannot withdraw ourselves either from the commendation or the reproaches of the civilized world. They see us as that star of empire, which half a century ago was represented as making its way westward. I wish they may see it as a mild, placid, though brilliant orb, moving athwart the whole heavens to the enlightening and cheering of mankind, and not as a meteor of fire and blood, terrifying the nations.

Speech at Marshfield, 1848.

—*Daniel Webster.*

ORESTES AND PYLADES BEFORE IPHIGENIA.

In the land of Tauris, in distant Thrace, there stood upon the shores of the Black Sea a temple dedicated to the goddess Artemis. In this temple a beautiful Greek maiden, Iphigenia, served the goddess as priestess of the altar. She was the daughter of Agamemnon, the king of the Achaians, and a strange fate had brought her to this savage land.

When her father, with all the host of Greeks, was ready to set sail against Troy, he was hindered by the goddess Artemis, who suffered no favoring wind to blow upon the ships, and her anger could only be appeased by the sacrifice of the king's own daughter. So the maiden was taken from her mother, carried to Aulis, and laid upon the altar. But just as Agamemnon was about to slay her, the goddess relented and snatched away Iphigenia, leaving a kid in her place. She bore her to the Tauric land and made her the priestess of the temple, where it was her duty to consecrate to death upon the altar all Greek men soever, who were so unfortunate as to visit that coast.

One day, as Iphigenia was ministering in the temple, a herdsman entered in great excitement and reported that two strangers, both of them Greeks, had been captured among the rocks on the seashore, and that the king of the land was sending them to her to prepare them for death.

As he spoke the guards entered with two youths, comely and of gentle breeding. Now, Iphigenia had a great longing to hear some news of her native land, for she had left there a mother and a young brother, Orestes

by name, whom she dearly loved; and she longed beside to know the fate of Troy. So, when she looked upon the strangers and saw that they were well-favored, she motioned them to approach that she might question them.

From them she learned strange tidings; how King Agamemnon was dead, slain by the hand of his own wife; and how that wife in turn had been killed in vengeance by her son Orestes; how her sister Electra was married to Pylades; and how Orestes himself wandered, homeless and unhappy, pursued by the Furies for his unnatural deed.

When Iphigenia learned that Orestes was still alive, hope sprang up in her heart and she resolved to write a letter to him, describing her strange fate, and send it home by one of the strangers. And first she offered the errand to the sad-faced youth, promising him his life in return for the service, while his friend must stay and be slain a sacrifice for both. But he answered as became a prince:

"Most base it is
That one should in misfortune whelm his friends,
Himself escaping. This man is my friend,
Whose life I tender even as my own."

And he bade her send his companion, Pylades, with her letter, for to himself death was not unwelcome.

Iphigenia, although marveling at his strange "yearning unto death," consented, and presently prepared a letter which she gave to Pylades with instructions to find young Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, the king of the Achaians, and deliver it into his own hands. "An easy task," ex-

claimed Pylades, and straightway handed the letter to his sad young companion.

Young Orestes, for it was he, was filled with joy at finding his sister, whom he had supposed long dead; but their happiness was marred by the danger in which they stood. Even if they could elude the attendants of the temple and King Thoas, how could they hope to carry away the image of Artemis which was the object for which the young Greeks had landed?

Orestes had been able to find no peace from the torment of the Furies since he had taken his mother's life, and in despair he had besought Apollo for aid. The god told him there was but one way to purchase peace. He must go to Tauris, bear away the statue of Artemis, and set it up in Attica. This, then, was the fateful chance which had brought him thither in his swift-oared ship.

The quick wits of a woman were not to be baffled even by these difficulties, and Iphigenia soon arranged a plan of escape. She declared to King Thoas that the Grecian youths were polluted by murder and unfit to be laid upon the altar until they had been purified in the sea. The statue, too, which had been defiled by their unholy hands, must be cleansed. In this way she gained his permission to lead the youths to the shore, bearing the statue herself. Here she feigned to perform mysterious rites while the guards, at her command, waited behind the rocks and crags along the shore.

But after a long delay, the latter became alarmed, and when they reached the spot they found the three just about to embark on a large galley. After a fierce struggle the

guards were beaten back, and the ship put off. Now all would have gone well had not a heavy sea arisen and driven the galley back upon the rocks.

When the guards saw this they rushed to the king with a great outcry, and Orestes and Iphigenia would have died a sacrifice to Artemis after all, had not Athena interfered. This goddess appeared in mid-air before King Thoas and bade him let the strangers go in peace, for so the Fates had willed. At the same time Neptune stilled the sea and wafted the ship upon its homeward course; and the chorus of Greek maidens thus cheered it on to safety:

"Speed with fair fortune, in bliss speed on
 For the doom reversed, for the life re-won.
 Pallas Athena, Queen adored
 Of mortals on earth, of Immortals in heaven,
 We will do according to this thy word:
 For above all height to which hope hath soared
 Is the glad, glad sound on ears that is given,
 Hail, revered Victory:
 Rest upon my life: and me
 Crown, and crown eternally."

— *M. A. Eaton.*

To be honest, to be kind; to earn a little, and to spend less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

— *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

MEMORY GEMS.

Blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Love lifts us to the sunlight,
Though the whole world be dark.

—*Lowell.*

There is nothing meaner than the man that is rich, and has nothing but money.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

There can be no nearer affinity than our country.

—*Plato.*

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldest teach.

—*Horatio Bonar.*

If there is a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness.

—*Lord Bulwer Lytton.*

Truth alone makes life rich and great.

—*Emerson.*

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.

—*Shakespeare.*

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Cary.*

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful,
we must carry it with us or we find it not.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

With malice toward none, with charity toward all.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

I do love

My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound than my own life.

—*Shakespeare.*

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of
celestial fire called conscience.

—*George Washington.*

Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.

—*Pinckney.*

Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient.

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

He that hath a trade, hath an estate, and he that hath
a calling, hath an office of profit and honor.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

They never fail who die in a great cause.

—*Byron.*

A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above
and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest
empire on earth.

—*James A. Garfield.*

The Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

NOTE.—*Biographical sketches given in Part One of Book Five will not be repeated in Part Two, from lack of space.*

P. 5. William Shakespeare (1564–1616). “The Bard of Avon.” The most noted English dramatist; “the myriad-minded” poet of the world. Author of “Merchant of Venice,” “Hamlet,” “Macbeth,” “The Tempest,” “King Lear,” and many other world-famous dramas.

P. 10. John Ruskin (1819–1900). A broad-minded English writer along the lines of art and literature. Wrote chiefly upon painting, sculpture, and architecture, and came to be recognized as the foremost authority in England on these subjects. Among his noted works are “Sesame and Lilies,” “Ethics of the Dust,” “Crown of Wild Olives,” “Queen of the Air,” and others.

P. 12. Dora Read Goodale. A young New Hampshire poet whose verse is smooth and pleasing, showing a fine sympathy with nature and an accurate knowledge of her subjects.

P. 12. *Æsop*. A very deformed Phrygian slave; the author of many fables that have become classic; a contemporary of Pythagoras; lived about 570 B.C.

P. 18. William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878). A prominent American man of letters; of remarkable power as poet and journalist; for many years editor of the *New York Evening Post*; published fine translations of the “Iliad” and the “Odyssey”; wrote his finest short poem, “Thanatopsis,” when but eighteen years old.

P. 18. John Henry Newman (1801–1890). An English writer of great power; published several books on historical and theological themes; also, one book of poems. Joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1845, and was created Cardinal in 1879.

P. 34. Clara Morris (1846–). An American actress of much ability and power; of late years has devoted her time to writing, chiefly of stage life and reminiscences connected therewith.

P. 37. Thomas Westwood (1814–1888). An English poet who wrote with much grace and feeling.

P. 43. (Mrs.) Harriet Beecher Stowe (1812–1896). Daughter of Lyman Beecher, and sister of Henry Ward Beecher; a native of Connecticut; a woman of fervid feeling, brilliant mind, and noble character; a ready and fluent writer; author of many short stories for children, and a number of novels. “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” spread her fame throughout the civilized world. She also wrote excellent verse.

P. 44. Henry Timrod (1829–1867). A native of South Carolina; lawyer, journalist, and poet; a writer of great refinement of thought and expression.

P. 46. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894). American physician, lecturer, poet, essayist, and novelist; noted for humor, pathos, patriotism, fine literary style, and keen analysis of human nature. Best humorous poem, “The Wonderful One Hoss Shay”; best serious poem, “The Chambered Nautilus”; best novel, “Elsie Venner.”

P. 58. Menca C. Pflesching. American author of many charming stories and poems for children.

P. 62. Mary Botham Howitt (1804–1888). English writer of fiction, verse, and miscellany.

P. 71. Ruth McEnery Stuart. A popular Southern writer of the present day; author of numerous short stories that are favorites with children.

P. 78. Constance Fenimore Woolson (1848–1894). An American author who wrote considerable verse, but is best known through her novels, several of which have a Southern setting.

P. 90. (Mrs.) Dinah Mulock Craik (1826–1887). An English writer for children and adults whose stories have been, and are still, very popular.

P. 93. William Howitt (1792–1879). A voluminous writer of both prose and verse; best known to the present generation by his poems of nature, all of which are correct pictures, and have a peculiar brightness of tone.

P. 104. Thomas Hood (1798–1845). An English poet classed among the great humorists, and yet more generally known by his pathetic poems, some of which are tenderly sympathetic, and pathetic to the last degree. Among his masterpieces are "The Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs."

P. 104. Helen Keller. The marvel of the present day. Although deaf, dumb, and blind, her naturally brilliant mind has been developed, and she has acquired a thorough education by the aid of devoted teachers. Now gaining some celebrity as a writer.

P. 106. Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894). An English writer whose poems are marked by much delicacy of feeling and expression.

P. 121. (Mrs.) Margaret Scott Gatty. An English writer of many popular tales for children. Her best-known works are "Aunt Judy's Tales."

P. 122. William Cowper (1731–1800). An English poet who wrote in both a humorous and serious style. Probably his best known humorous poem is "John Gilpin," still a popular favorite.

P. 126. Beaumont (1584–1616). Probably Francis Beaumont, the colleague of Fletcher. English writer.

P. 129. Henry L. Graham. An American magazine writer of the present day.

P. 130. Helen Hinsdale Rich (1827–). A clever American writer of the present time; a vigorous thinker, and an ardent patriot; has published two volumes of verse, and many prose articles, all of excellent quality.

P. 132. Abram J. Ryan (1839–1886). "Father Ryan" of Norfolk, Va. The leading lyric poet of the Confederacy; a writer of much feeling and charm.

P. 132. Charles F. Thwing (1853–). An American clergyman, educator, and writer; President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College; a leading magazine contributor, and author of several books of permanent value to the scholarly world.

P. 141. Silas A. Lottridge. Teacher of science, and an entertaining writer on subjects pertaining to natural history.

P. 144. Cincinnatus Heine Miller (1841–). Pen name is "Joaquin Miller"; identified with the life of the Pacific coast; a lawyer, jurist, journalist, miner, and author; best known through his poems, many of which are strikingly original.

P. 146. Charles Sprague (1791-1875). "The banker poet" of Boston. A "man of affairs," who also accomplished considerable literary work of value.

P. 146. Alexander Pope (1688-1744). An English poet and critic; the foremost poet of his day and still read with interest; best known works are his "Iliad," and "The Essay on Man."

P. 160. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864). A distinguished American prose writer; noted for his vivid imagination, keen analytic power, rare originality, and purity of diction; author of many tales for children and several novels of note, "The Scarlet Letter" being the strongest.

P. 162. Francis Scott Key (1780-1843). A Southern poet made famous by "The Star-Spangled Banner."

P. 164. Henry Watterson (1840-). American journalist, orator, and statesman; celebrated editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*; one of Kentucky's strong, political leaders; an able, forceful writer on political and literary themes.

P. 165. Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865). The sixteenth President of the United States. A native of Kentucky; reared amid all the hardships of poverty, he, by his own efforts, educated himself, studied law, and became one of the ablest political debaters the world has ever seen. His character was marked by simplicity, charity, patriotism, and spotless integrity; his arguments are able, forceful, and convincing; his style, simple, clear, and perfectly natural.

P. 166. Clark Howell (1863-). A native of South Carolina, but as truly a loyal son of Georgia, his adopted state, in which he received his education, and which he has served as Speaker of the General Assembly. As editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, he has shown himself strong, able, and fearless, and won for himself and his paper an enviable distinction.

P. 168. Francis Miles Finch (1827-). An American scholar, jurist, and poet. Best known for his poem, "The Blue and the Gray," that sprang into instant popularity on publication, and still holds first rank among the poems of its kind.

P. 176. Margaret A. Eaton. A lady of culture and refinement; the present (1904) editor of the *Popular Educator*, one of the leading educational papers of the United States.

P. 176. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892). Celebrated American poet. *See biographical sketch, p. 169, this volume.*

P. 184. George Arnold (1834-1865). A promising young American writer; a native of New York; had he lived, undoubtedly would have won distinction in both verse and prose.

P. 190. Eugene Field (1850-1895). *See biographical sketch, p. 98, Book Four (Part One), of this series of readers.*

P. 196. Alice Cary (1820-1871). An American writer of verse and prose; born in Ohio; a woman of rarely beautiful character; author of many poems and stories for children, and of several novels. Her "Clovernook" books were immensely popular.

P. 207. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882). The most celebrated of American philosophers, often called "the sage of Concord"; a favorite platform speaker, essayist, and poet. All his works breathe radiant hope and universal good-will.

P. 215. Olive Thorne Miller (1831-). One of the most popular writers of the day on subjects pertaining to natural history; considered an authority upon birds and their habits; a native of New York State.

P. 218. Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832). Famous Scotch novelist and poet; author of "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the "Waverly" novels; universally loved as a man, and highly esteemed as an author whose writings have a permanent value and an unfading interest.

P. 227. Irving Bacheller. A gifted young novelist and poet of the present day; a native of northern New York, "the North Country" he has helped to make famous; author of many clever magazine stories and sketches, and of several novels; foremost of these is "Eben Holden," that brought its author into immediate and phenomenal popularity.

P. 239. John C. Fremont (1813-1890). A famous American general, explorer, politician, and writer; called "the American Pathfinder"; once the Republican nominee for President.

P. 239. M. Vincent O'Shea. A prominent educator of the present day; a pleasing and popular lecturer on educational topics; a frequent contributor to the leading literary magazines of the United States.

P. 244. Paul Hamilton Hayne (1830-1886). An American lawyer, journalist, and poet. His was the fine, sensitive, poetic nature, and his the rare power so to clothe his exquisite sentiments in equally exquisite and appropriate language that his poems often had the effect of being set to beautiful music.

P. 244. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-). A vigorous American statesman, reformer, and writer of the most fearless type; a native of New York. Although now hardly having reached his full prime of life, he has given his native state strong and fearless service as Police Commissioner of the city of New York, and as Governor of that state; became the twenty-sixth President of the United States by the untimely death of President McKinley; has published several volumes of stirring narratives filled with courage, adventure, and hardy endurance. Among his books are, "The Wilderness Hunter," "The Strenuous Life," and others.

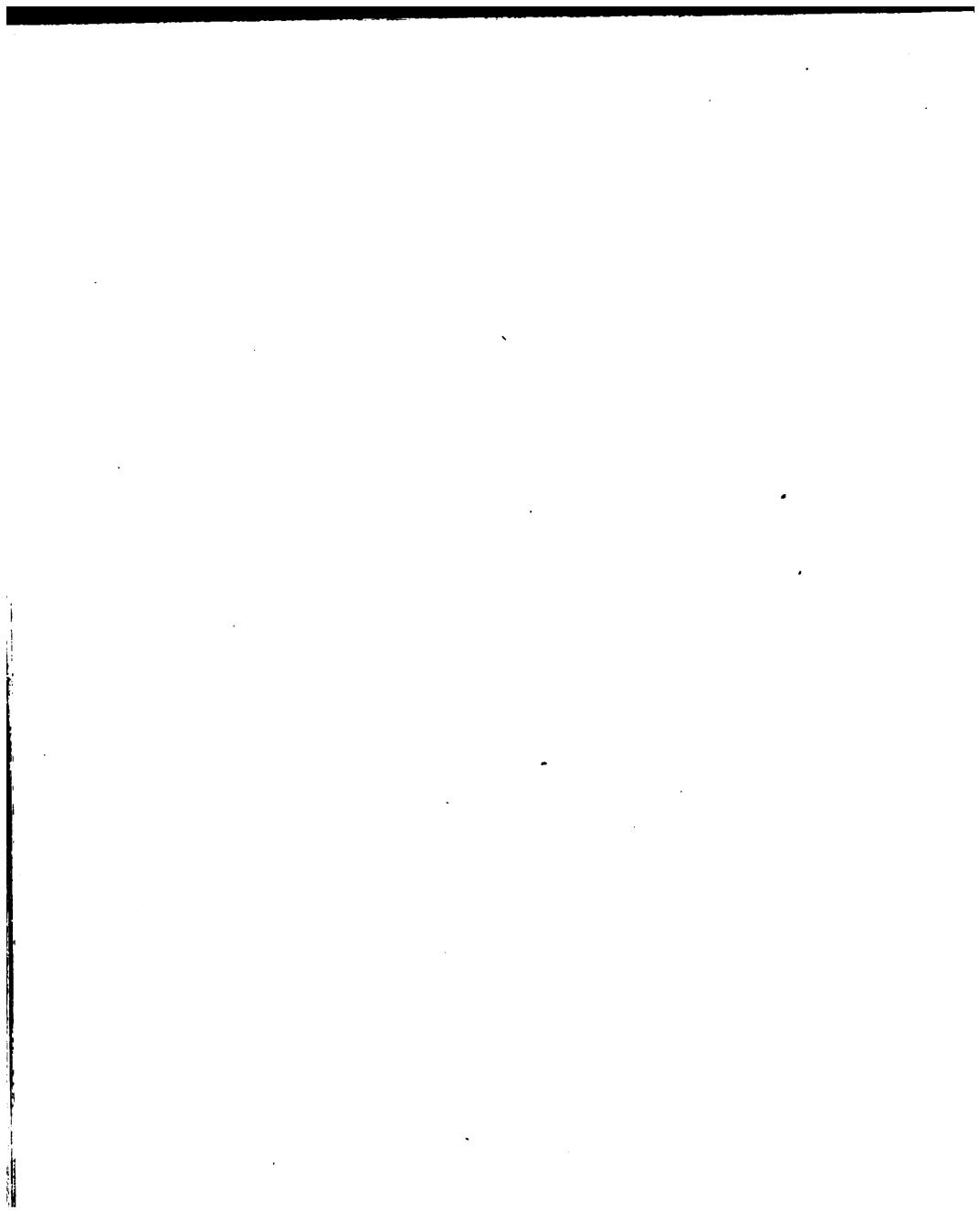
P. 244. Josiah Gilbert Holland (1819-1881). An American physician and author, whose writings were immensely popular for many years; a native of New York; pen name was "Timothy Titcomb"; wrote many lectures, poems, and novels; perhaps best remembered through his "Bitter-Sweet" and "Arthur Bonnycastle."

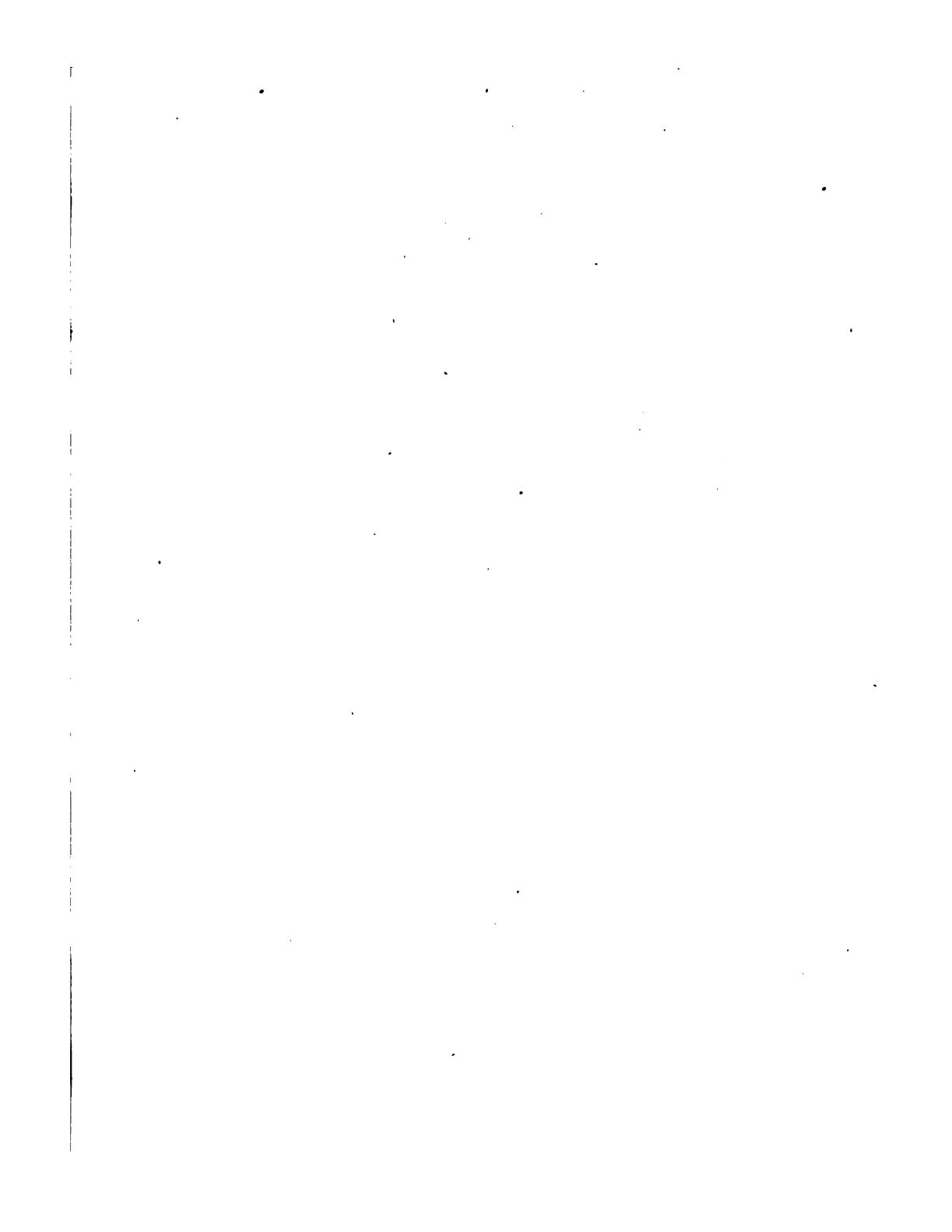
P. 245. Daniel Webster (1782-1852). One of the greatest lawyers, statesmen, and thinkers that America has produced; famous as an orator; a giant in debate; a remarkable figure in American political history. Carlyle calls him "a Parliamentary Hercules."

P. 249. Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894). A voluminous Scotch writer of romances, tales of adventure, and verse. His style is full of naturalness and charm. "A Child's Garden of Verse" is a great favorite with little children on both sides the Atlantic. His most famous prose is "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

P. 252. Rudyard Kipling (1865-). An English writer, born in India. Voluminous writer of stories, sketches, and poems relating to military and civic life in India. His most popular books are "Tales from the Hills" and "The Jungle Book."







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